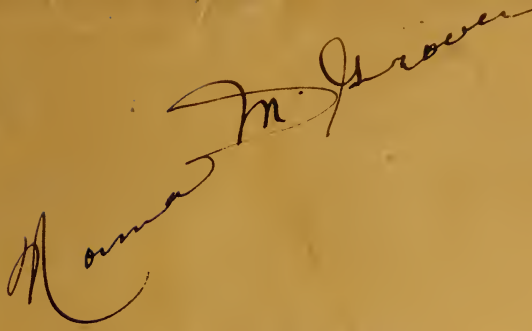

SERIES B.

MURDOCH'S SCHOOL SONGS

POPULAR SONGS TO BEAUTIFUL AIRS.

STAFF AND TONIC SOL-FA
PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

M
1994
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c.1

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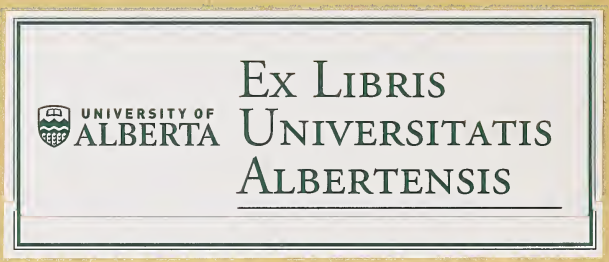
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MURDOCH'S

School Songs

IN TWO PARTS

Specially arranged for the use of Pupils.

Staff and Tonic Sol-fa Notation

WITH

Pianoforte Accompaniment.

*** Where Schools have Violin Classes in operation, these may use the vocal scores for first and second violins.

EDITED BY

T. MEE PATTISON,

Composer of

"Sherwood's Queen," "The Ancient Mariner," &c.

LONDON:

MURDOCH, MURDOCH & Co.

461-463, Oxford Street, W.

MURDOCH'S SCHOOL SONGS.

SERIES B.

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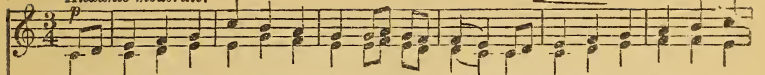
Dear Harp of my Country.

Welsh Melody.

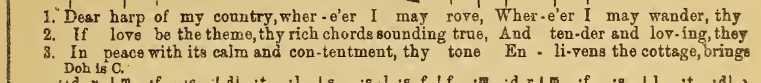
Andante moderato.

p

1. Dear harp of my country, wher - e'er I may rove, Wher - e'er I may wander, thy
2. If love be the theme, thy rich chords sounding true, And ten-der and lov-ing, they
3. In peace with its calm and con-tentment, thy tone En - li-vens the cottage, brings

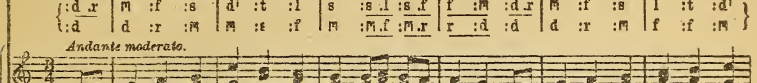
Doh is C.

Andante moderato.

p



p

mu-sic I love; In childhood I heard thee, and touch'd thy sweet strings, No sounds in the
cheer us a - new; In wars' dreadful notes thou art fear - ful and strong, Yet bid-ding us
joy to the throne; When home, happy home, is the strain of our song, Oh, then we would



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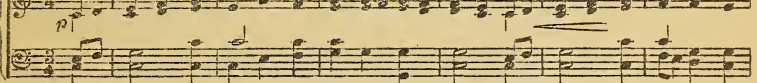
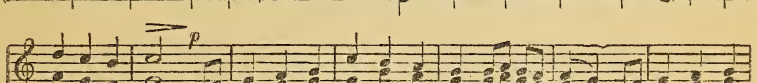
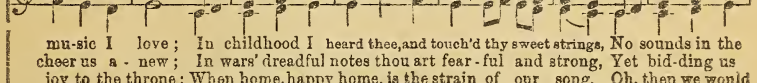


mf *p*

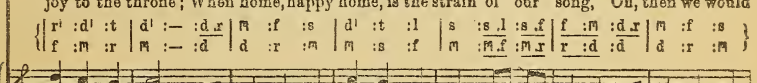
wide world such hap-pi-ness brings.
ev - er to conquer the wrong.
ev - er thy mu-sic pro-long.

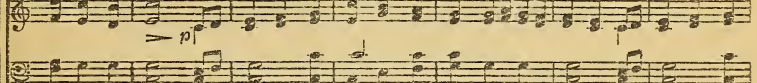
Dear harp of my country, on land and on sea, Thy

mf *p*



cres. *f* *rall.*

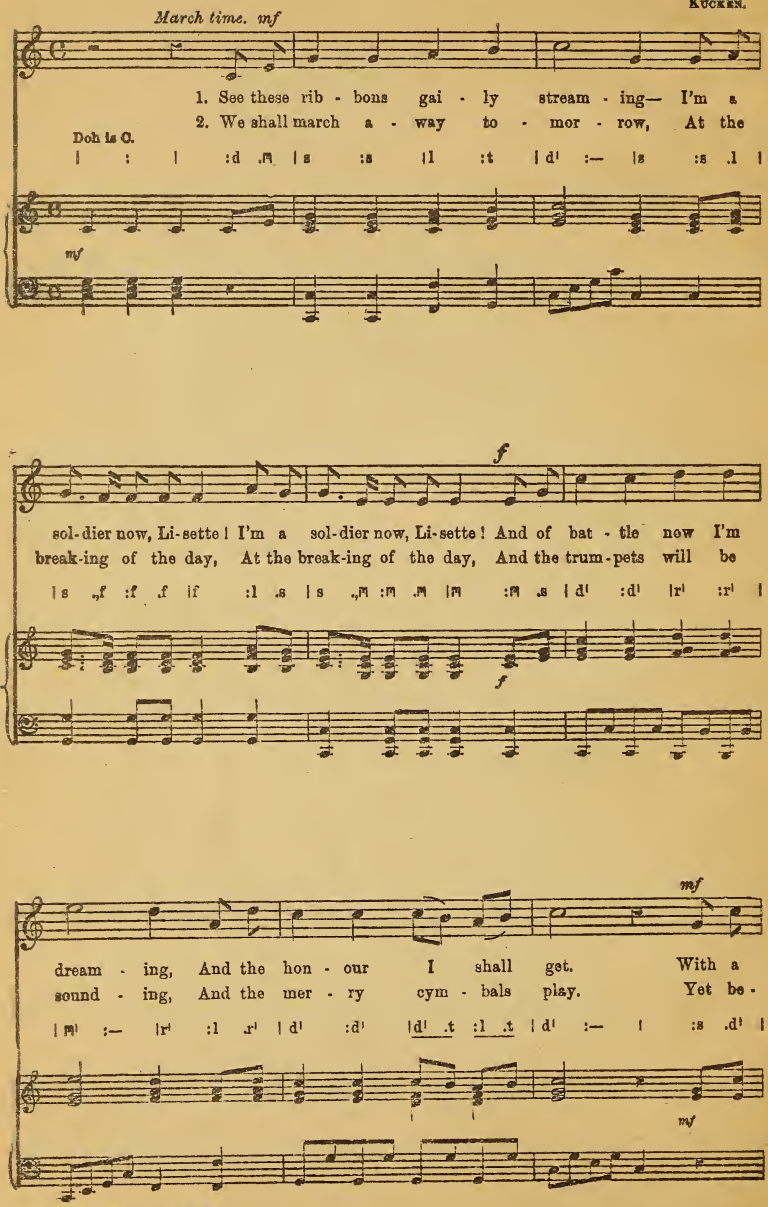
sons find no sol-ace, no treasure like thee! Thy sons find no sol-ace, no treasure like thee!

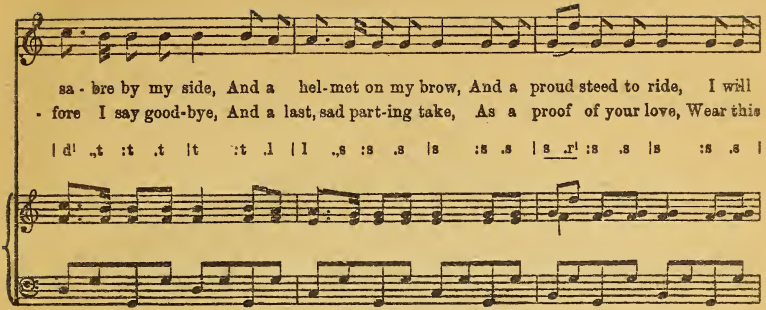


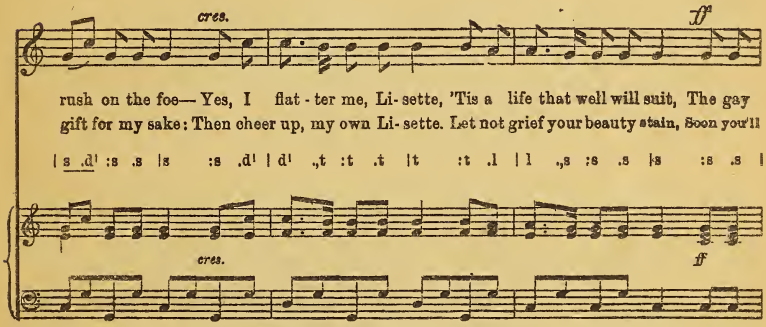
cres. *f* *rall.*

The Young Recruit.

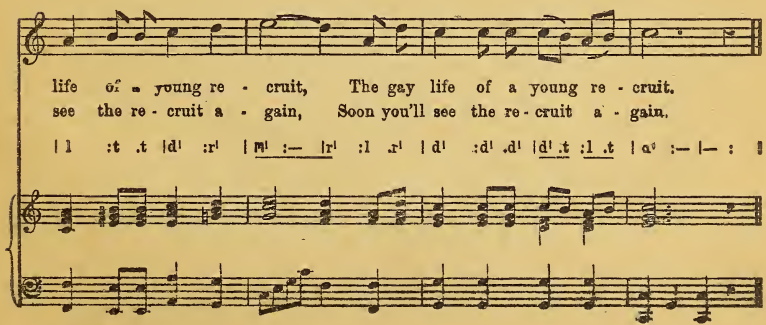
VOCAL MARCH IN UNISON.

KUCKEN.


March time. mf
1. See these rib - bons gai - ly stream - ing— I'm a
2. We shall march a - way to - mor - row, At the
Doh is C.
mf
f
sol-dier now, Li-sette! I'm a sol-dier now, Li-sette! And of bat - tle new I'm
break-ing of the day, At the break-ing of the day, And the trum-pets will be
mf
dream - ing, And the hon - our I shall get. With a
sound - ing, And the mer - ry cym - bals play. Yet be -
mf


sa - bre by my side, And a hel-met on my brow, And a proud steed to ride, I will
- fore I say good-bye, And a last, sad part-ing take, As a proof of your love, Wear this

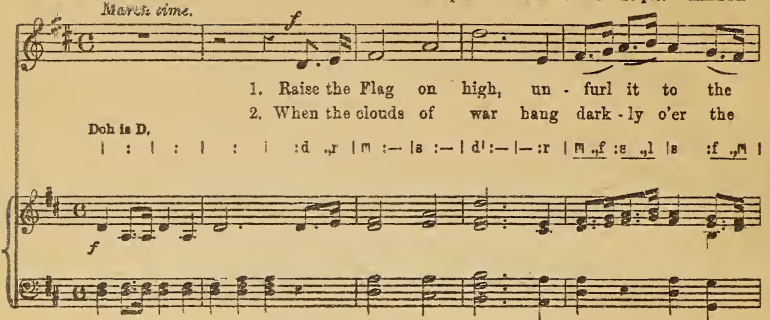

cres.
ff
rush on the foe— Yes, I flat - ter me, Li- sette, 'Tis a life that well will suit, The gay
gift for my sake: Then cheer up, my own Li- sette. Let not grief your beauty stain, Soon you'll
cres.
ff

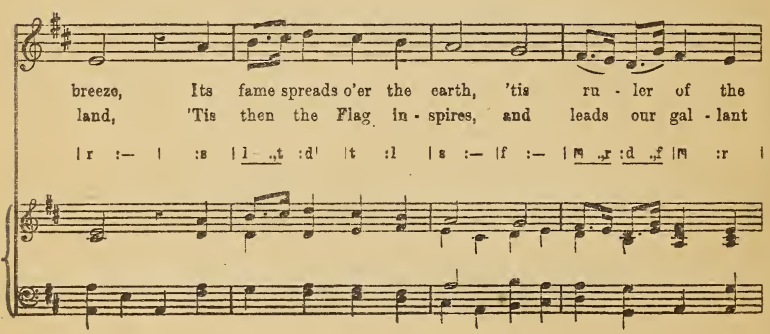

life of a young re - cruit, The gay life of a young re - cruit.
see the re - cruit a - gain, Soon you'll see the re - cruit a - gain.

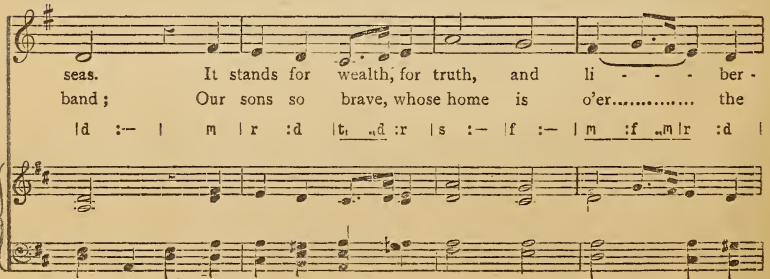
The Empire Flag.

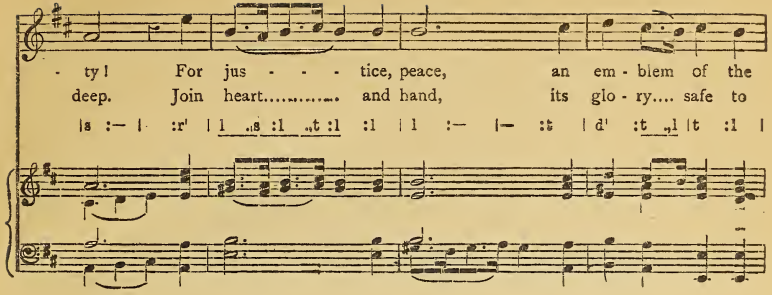
T. M. F. Adapted to the March in "Scipio." HANDEL.

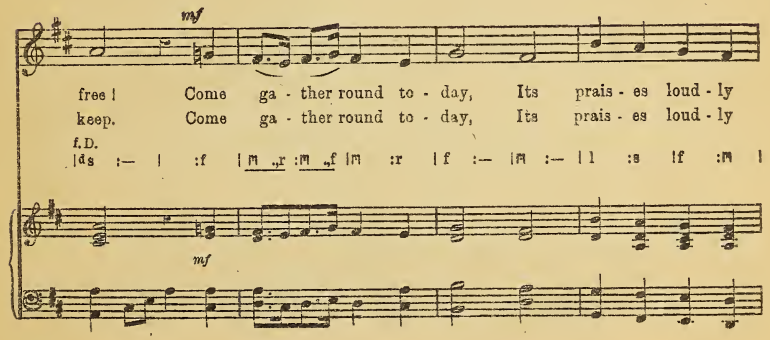
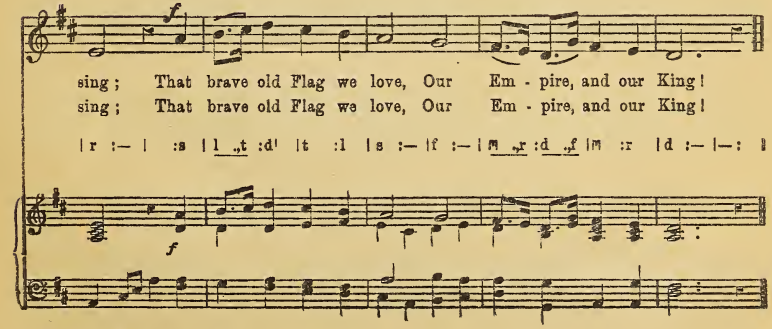
March time.





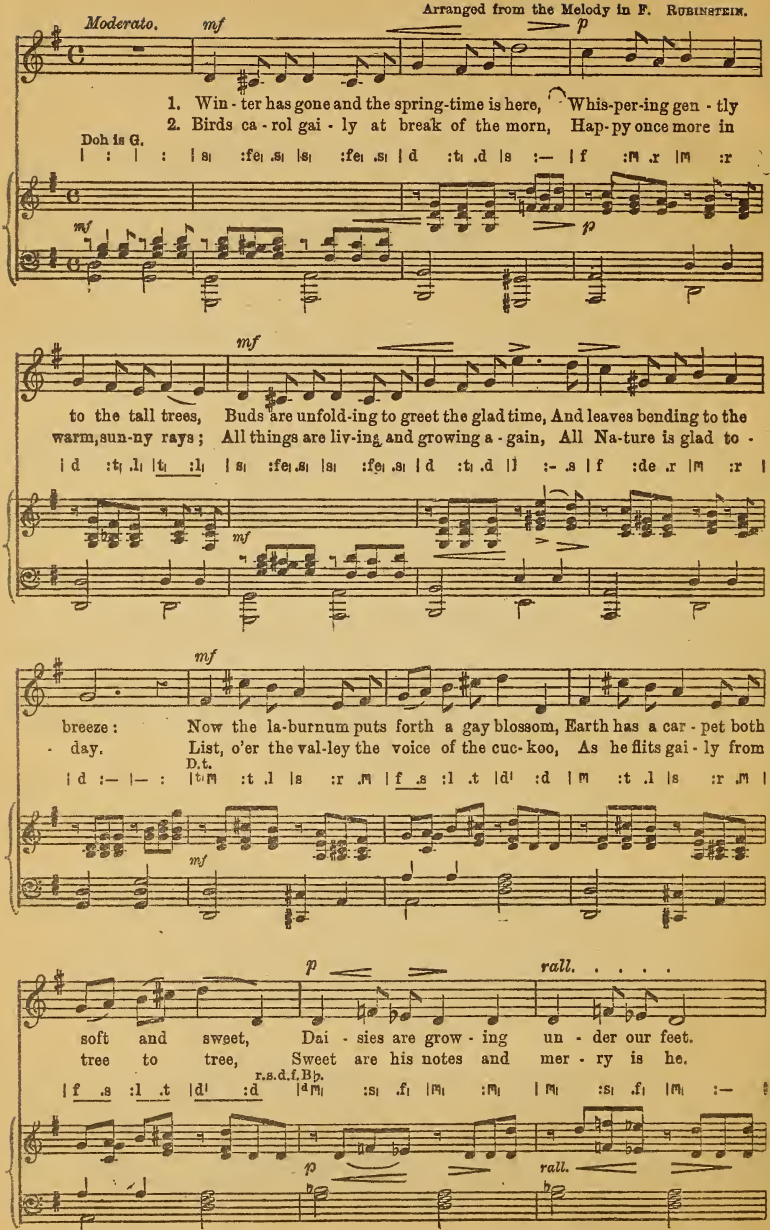


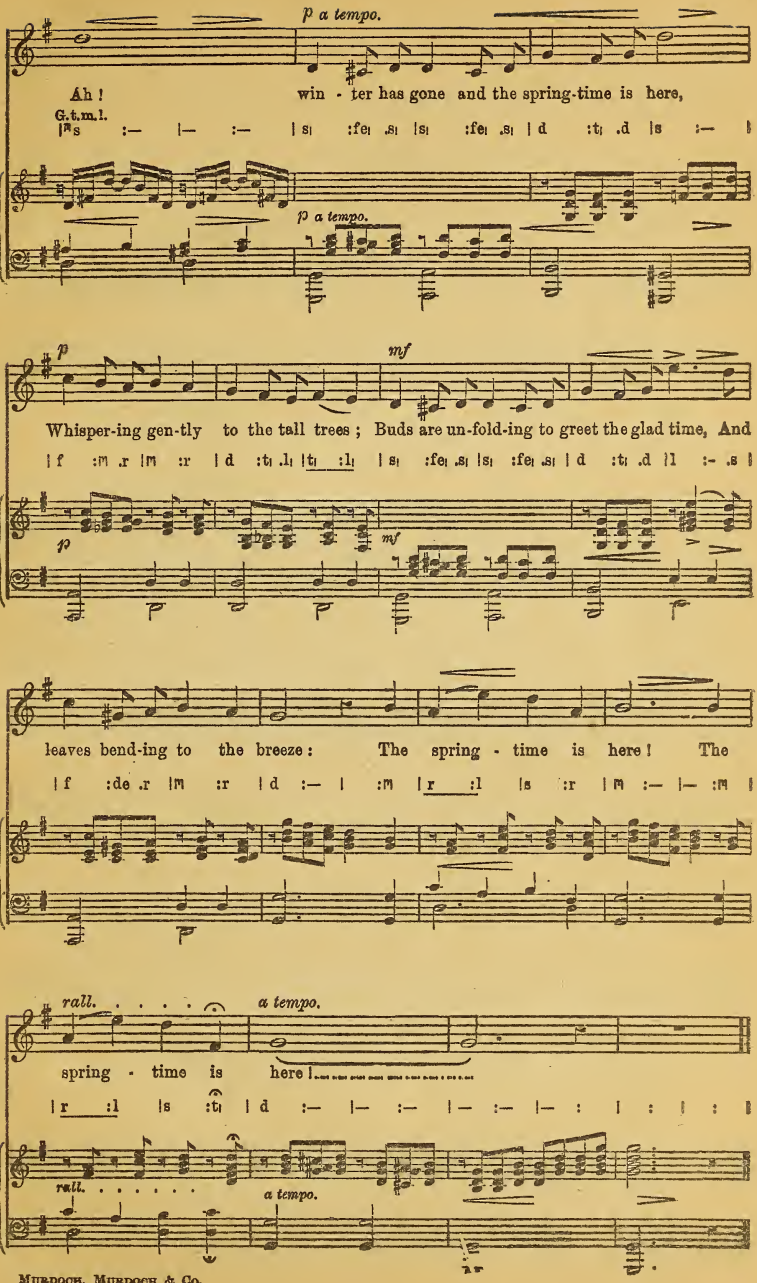

- ty! For jus - - - tice, peace, an em - blem of the
deep. Join heart..... and hand, its glo - ry.... safe to


mf
free! Come ga - ther round to - day, Its prais - es loud - ly
keep. Come ga - ther round to - day, Its prais - es loud - ly
f.D.
mf

f
sing; That brave old Flag we love, Our Em - pire, and our King!
sing; That brave old Flag we love, Our Em - pire, and our King!
f

A Spring Song.

Arranged from the Melody in F. RUBINSTEIN.


Moderato.
mf
p
1. Win - ter has gone and the spring-time is here, Whis-per-ing gen - tly
2. Birds ca - rol gai - ly at break of the morn, Hap-py once more in
Doh is G.
mf
p
mf
to the tall trees, Buds are unfold-ing to greet the glad time, And leaves bending to the
warm, sun-ny rays; All things are liv-ing and growing a - gain, All Na-ture is glad to -
mf
breeze: Now the la-burnum puts forth a gay blossom, Earth has a car - pet both
- day. List, o'er the val-ley the voice of the cuc-koo, As he flits gai - ly from
D.t.
mf
p
rall.
soft and sweet, Dai - sies are grow - ing un - der our feet.
tree to tree, Sweet are his notes and mer - ry is he.
r.s.d.f.B♭.
p
rall.


p a tempo.
Ah! win - ter has gone and the spring-time is here,
G.t.m.l.
p a tempo.
p
mf
Whisper-ing gen-tly to the tall trees; Buds are un-fold-ing to greet the glad time, And
p
mf
leaves bend-ing to the breeze: The spring - time is here! The
rall.
a tempo.
spring - time is here!
rall.
a tempo.

Oh! Breathe not his Name.

THOMAS MOORE. Irish Air.

Andante. *p*

1. Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where
2. But the night-dew that falls, tho' in si-lence it weeps, Shall

Doh is E♭.

| : | :d¹ ,t | l ,s :m .s | f ,m :r .d | r ,m :d .d | d : .d

p

cold and un-honour'd his re-lics are laid; Sad, si-lent, and dark, be the
bright-en with ver-dure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in

| f ,m :r .d | m .f :s .s | l,t,d¹ :t .l | s :s ,s | f ,m :r .d | d :r ,m |

dim. e rall.

tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.
se-cret it rolls, Shall long keep his mem-o-ry green in our souls.

| s .d¹ :t .d¹ | l :d¹ ,t | l ,s :m ,s | f ,m :r .d | l, .d :d ,r | d :— |

dim. e rall.

A Mother's Song.

Andante. Arranged from the Part-Song, "Come fly with me." MENDELSSOHN.

1. With tran - quil ray the moon now shines, In si - lence flows the
2. While I sit here and dai - ly spin In sol - i - tude with -
3. Now soft - ly sings the night - in - gale Be - neath the sil - ver

Doh is Eb.

gen - tle stream, My fish - er - boy, now far a - way,
- in my cot, I think of him so far a - way—
moon - light clear, How thrills my heart to hear her song!

Of home and friends will oft - en dream; My fish - er - boy, now far a - way, Of
May peace and joy e'er be his lot; I think of him so far a - way—May
Like me, she's ev - er lone - ly here— How thrills my heart to hear her song! Like

dim. *pp* *rall.*

home..... and friends will oft - en dream.....
will oft - en dream.
peace..... and joy e'er be his lot.....
e'er be his lot.
me,..... she's ev - er lone - ly here.....
she's lone - ly here.

dim. *pp* *rall.*

Our English Home.

C. B. Wilson. Italian Air: "Santa Lucia."

Moderate.

mf

1. Oh! who would leave this land, Where peace and plen-ty dwell, To roam on for-eign strand,
2. Ita - ly has cit - ron groves, And walks of lem-on trees; Cey - lon has nuts and cloves,

Doh is C.

Moderate.

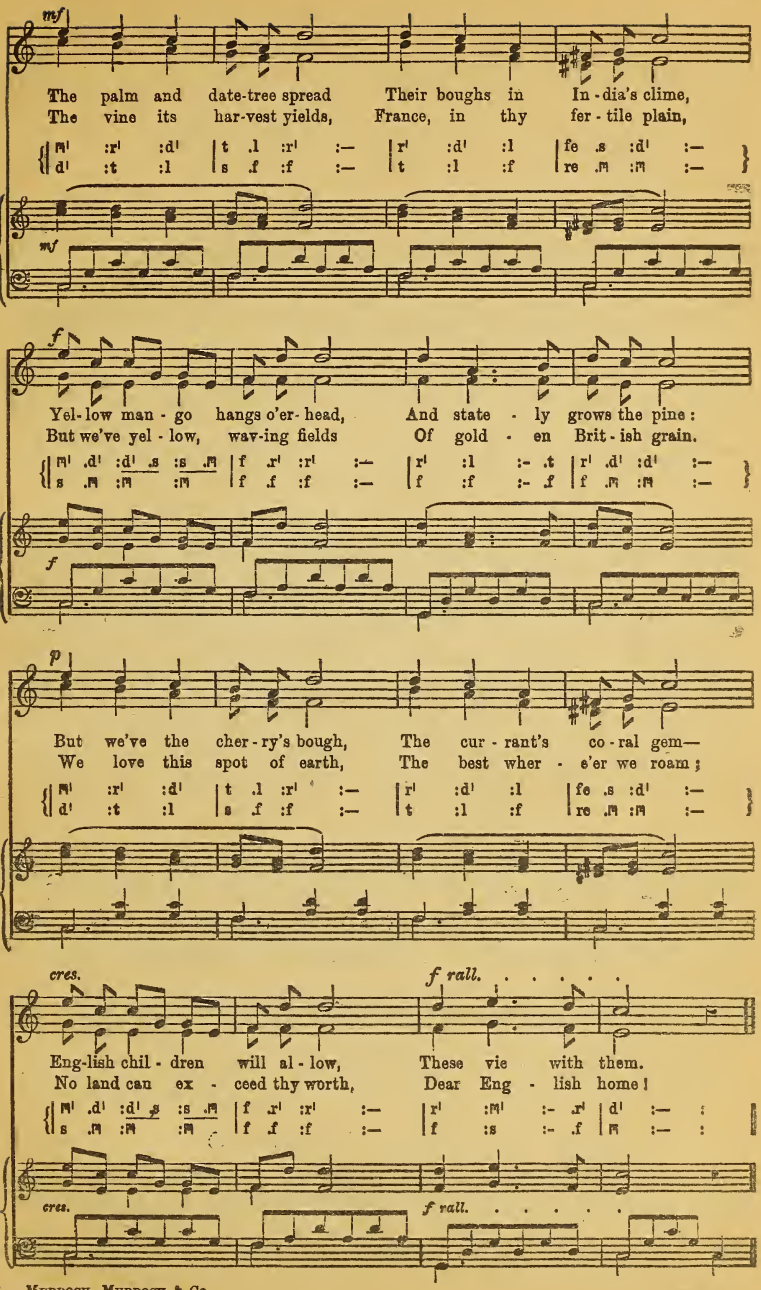
mf

p

Whose won-ders trav'llers tell! The o - range sheds per-fume 'Neath Spain's blue
That scent the sum-mer breeze; But we've the peach so red, The ripe, de -

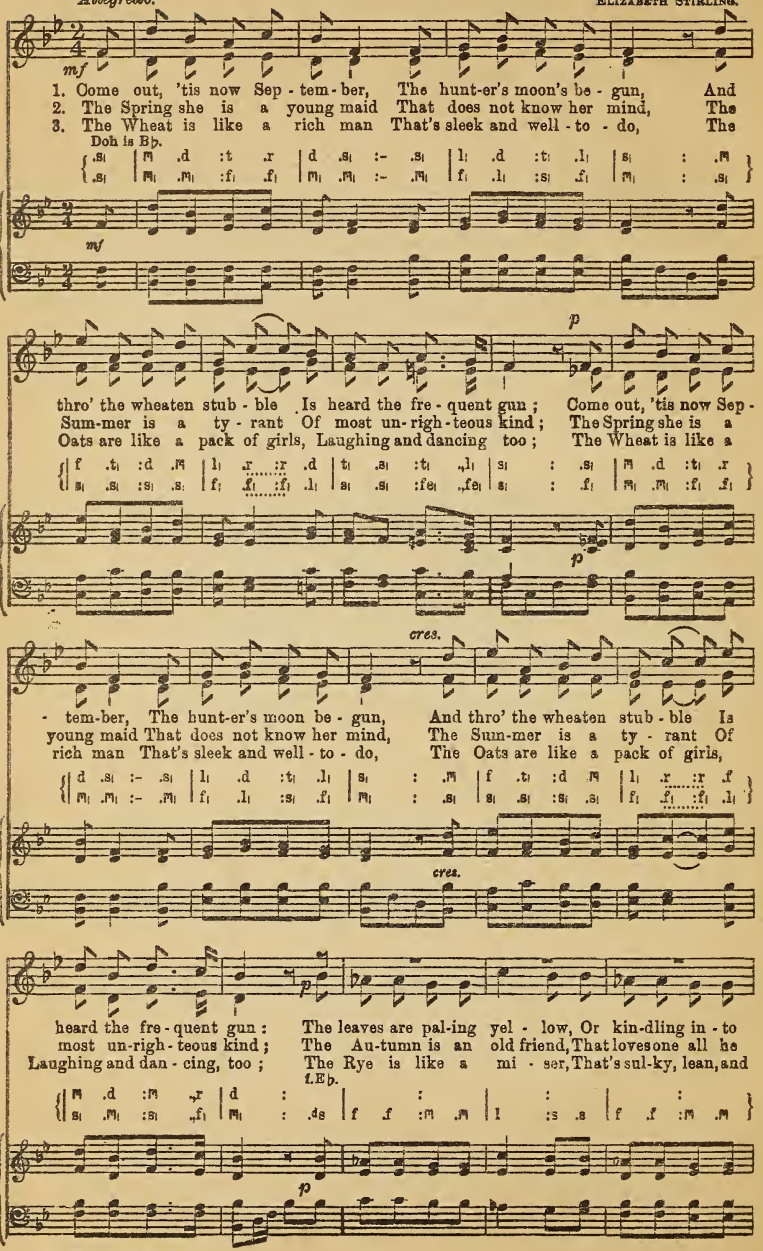
p

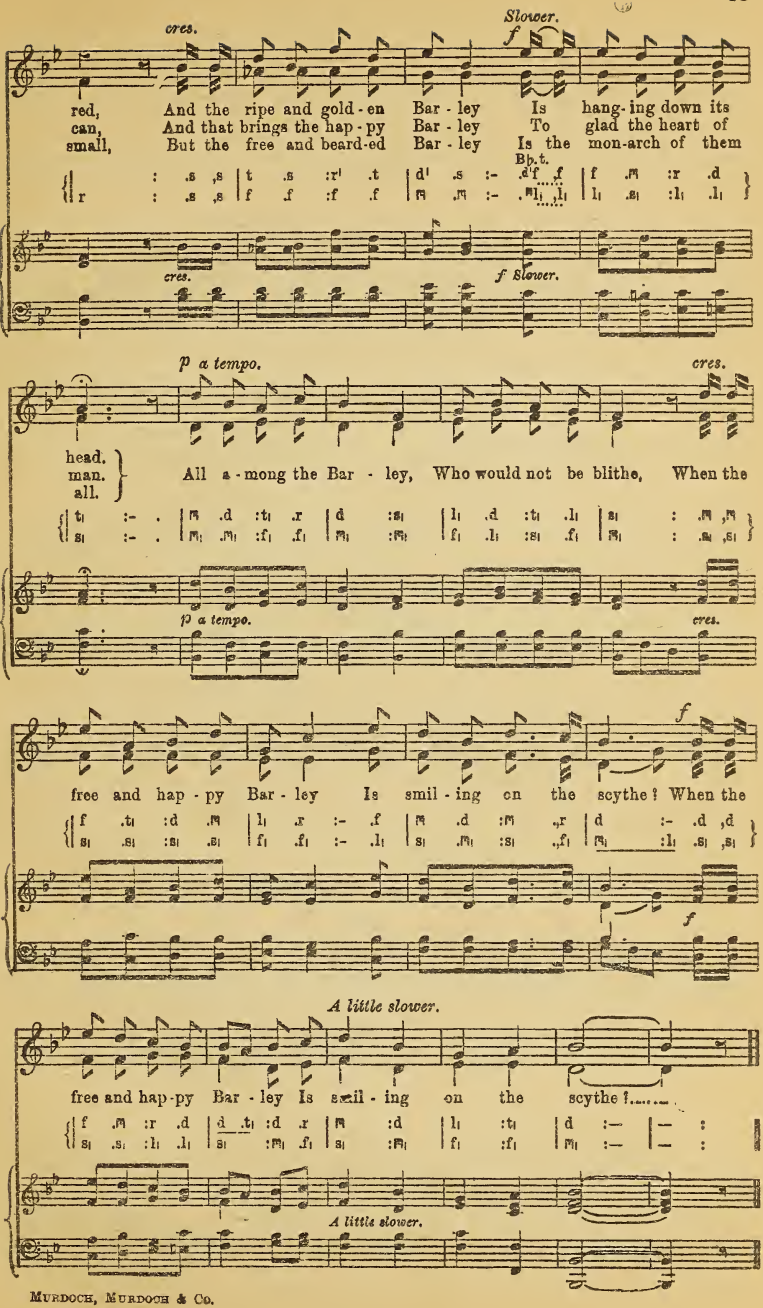
sun-ny skies; But we've the ap-ple's bloom, The or-chard's rich supplies;
- li-cious plum, Straw-berry in leaf - y bed, When hol - i - days are come;


mf
The palm and date-tree spread Their boughs in In-dia's clime,
The vine its har-vest yields, France, in thy fer-tile plain,
mf
f
Yel-low man-go hangs o'er-head, And state-ly grows the pine:
But we've yel-low, wav-ing fields Of gold-en Brit-ish grain.
f
p
But we've the cher-ry's bough, The cur-rant's co-ral gem—
We love this spot of earth, The best wher-e'er we roam;
cres.
f rall.
Eng-lish chil-dren will al-low, These vie with them.
No land can ex-ceed thy worth, Dear Eng-lish home!
cres.
f rall.

All among the Barley.

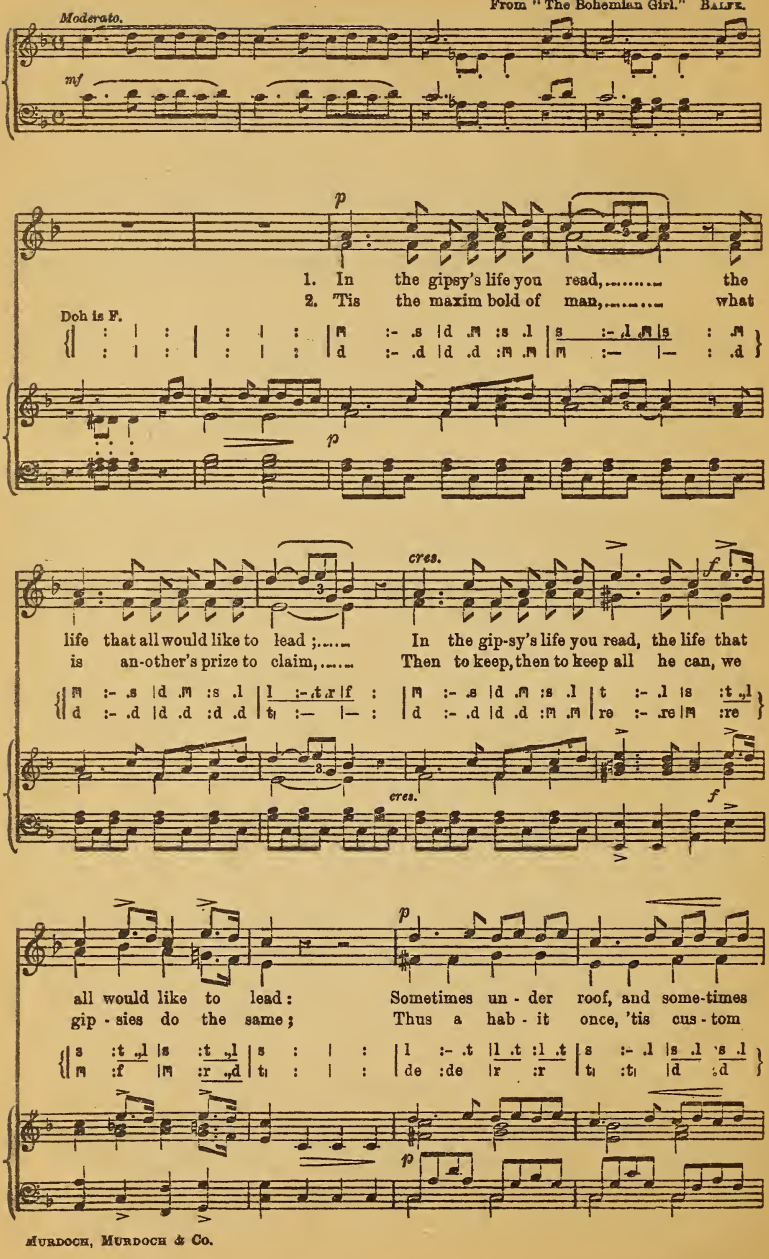
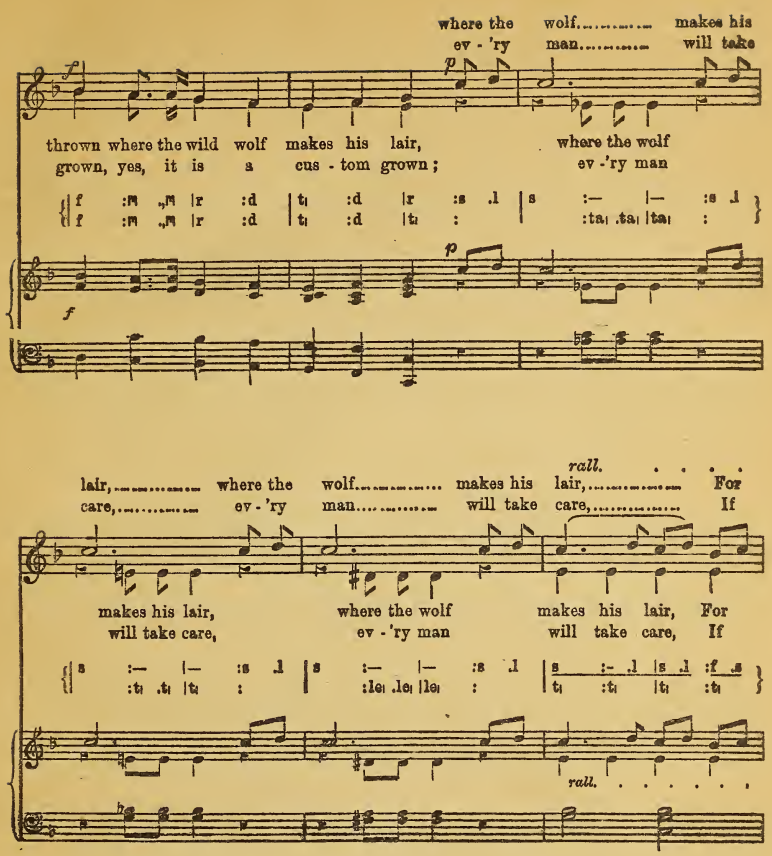
Allegretto. ELIZABETH STIRLING.

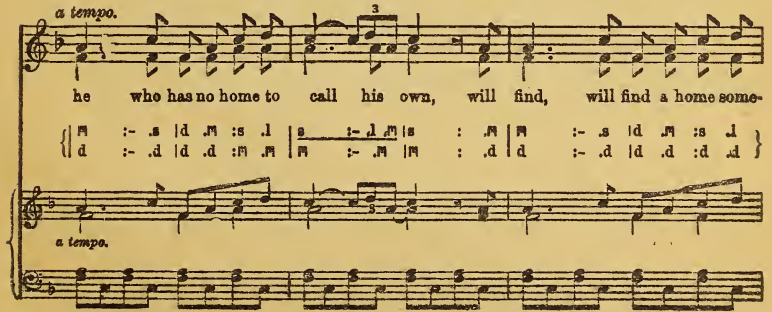

mf
1. Come out, 'tis now Sep - tem - ber, The hunt-er's moon's be - gun, And
2. The Spring she is a young maid That does not know her mind, The
3. The Wheat is like a rich man That's sleek and well - to - do, The
Doh is B♭.
mf
p
thro' the wheaten stub - ble Is heard the fre - quent gun ; Come out, 'tis now Sep -
Sum-mer is a ty - rant Of most un-righ-teous kind ; The Spring she is a
Oats are like a pack of girls, Laughing and dancing too ; The Wheat is like a
p
cres.
- tem-ber, The hunt-er's moon be - gun, And thro' the wheaten stub - ble Is
young maid That does not know her mind, The Sum-mer is a ty - rant Of
rich man That's sleek and well - to - do, The Oats are like a pack of girls,
cres.
p
heard the fre - quent gun : The leaves are pal-ing yel - low, Or kin-dling in - to
most un-righ - teous kind ; The Au-tumn is an old friend, That loves one all he
Laughing and dan - cing, too ; The Rye is like a mi - ser, That's sul-ky, lean, and
L.E♭.
p

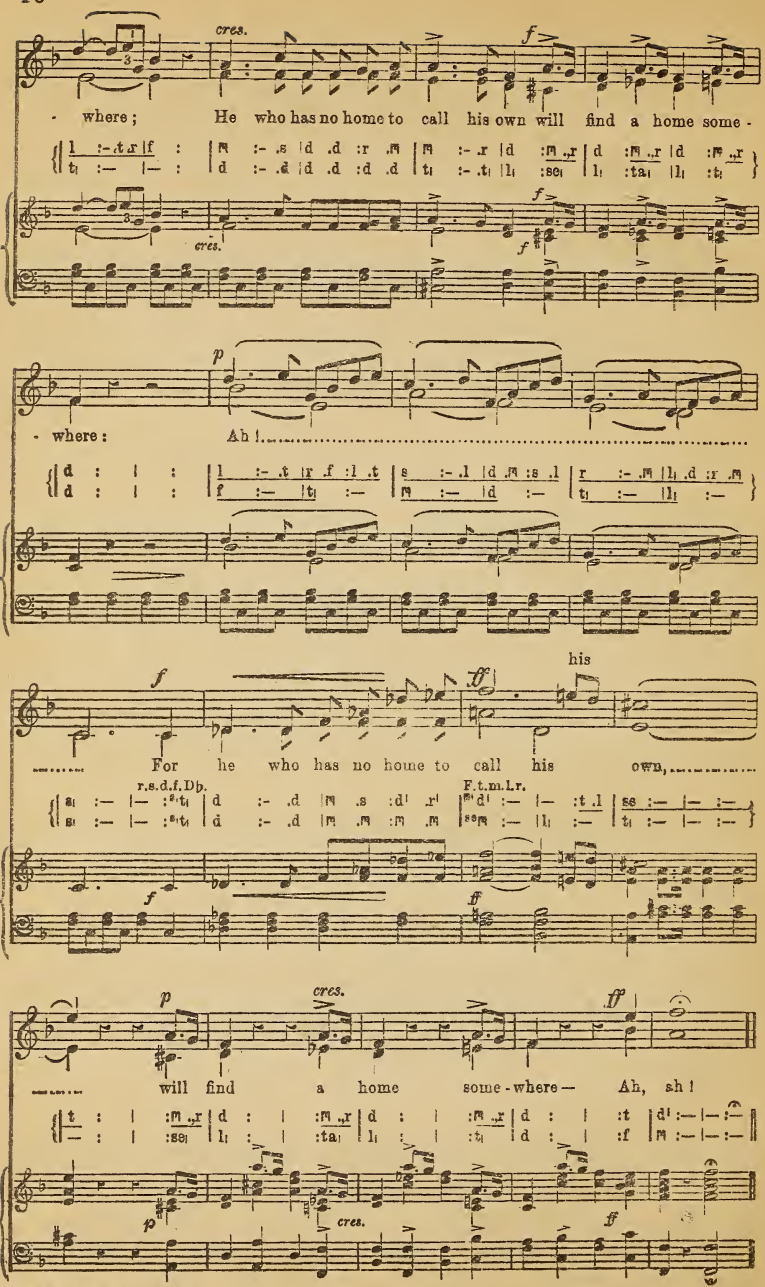

cres.
Slower.
f
red, And the ripe and gold - en Bar - ley Is hang - ing down its
can, And that brings the hap - py Bar - ley To glad the heart of
small, But the free and beard - ed Bar - ley Is the mon - arch of them
Bp.t.
cres.
f Slower.
p a tempo.
cres.
head.
man.
all.
All a - mong the Bar - ley, Who would not be blithe, When the
p a tempo.
cres.
f
free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe? When the
f
A little slower.
free and hap - py Bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe?
A little slower.

Gipsy Chorus.

From "The Bohemian Girl." BALFE.


Moderato.
mf
p
1. In the gipsy's life you read, ... the
2. 'Tis the maxim bold of man, ... what
Doh is F.
p
cres.
f
life that all would like to lead ;..... In the gip-sy's life you read, the life that
is an-other's prize to claim, ... Then to keep, then to keep all he can, we
cres.
f
p
all would like to lead : Sometimes un - der roof, and some-times
gip - sies do the same ; Thus a hab - it once, 'tis cus - tom
p

where the wolf..... makes his
ev - 'ry man..... will take
thrown where the wild wolf makes his lair, where the wolf
grown, yes, it is a cus - tom grown; ev -'ry man
lair,..... where the wolf..... makes his lair,..... For
care,..... ev - 'ry man..... will take care,..... If
rall.
makes his lair, where the wolf makes his lair, For
will take care, ev - 'ry man will take care, If
rall.


a tempo.
3
he who has no home to call his own, will find, will find a home some-
a tempo.


cres.
f
where; He who has no home to call his own will find a home some-
cres.
f
p
where: Ah!
his
f
ff
For he who has no home to call his own,
r.s.d.f.Db.
F.t.m.l.r.
f
ff
cres.
p
ff
will find a home some-where— Ah, sh!
p
cres.
ff

ROBERT BURNS. Scottish Melody.

mf Andante moderato. *p*

1. Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der-ing Wil - lie; Here a - wa',
2. Win-ter winds blew loud and cauld at our part - ing, Fears for my
3. Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slum - bers; How your dread

Doh is Eb.

|s :- .f :m .r |d :- .r :d |r :- .d :r |m :l :— |s :- .f :m .r |

mf *p*

mf

there a - wa', haud a - way hame. Come to my bo - som, my
Wil - lie brought tears to my e'e; Wel - come now, sim - mer, and
howl - ing a lov - er a - larms! Wa - ken, ye breez - es, row

|d :- .r :m |l :- .se :l |l :— : |m :l :se |l :- .t :d' |

mf

pp e rall.

ain, on-ly dear - ie, Tell me thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the same.
wel-come, my Wil - lie, Sim-mer to na - ture, and Wil - lie to me.
gen - tly, ye bil - lows! Waft my dear lad - die once more to my arms.

|s :- .l :s .f |m :- .f :s |m :l :se |l :- .t :d' |m :- .r :m |l :— : |

pp e rall.

The Happiest Land.

LONGFELLOW (from the German). GERMAN FOLK-SONG.

mf Allegretto.

1. There sat one day in qui - et, By a vil-lage on the Rhine, Four
2. But when the maid de - part - ed, A Swabian raised his hand, And
3. Then cried a Sax - on, laugh - ing, As he raised the ru - by wine: "I'd
4. "Not so, both Swabian and Sax - on," A bold Bo - he - mian cries; "If

Doh is D.

mf

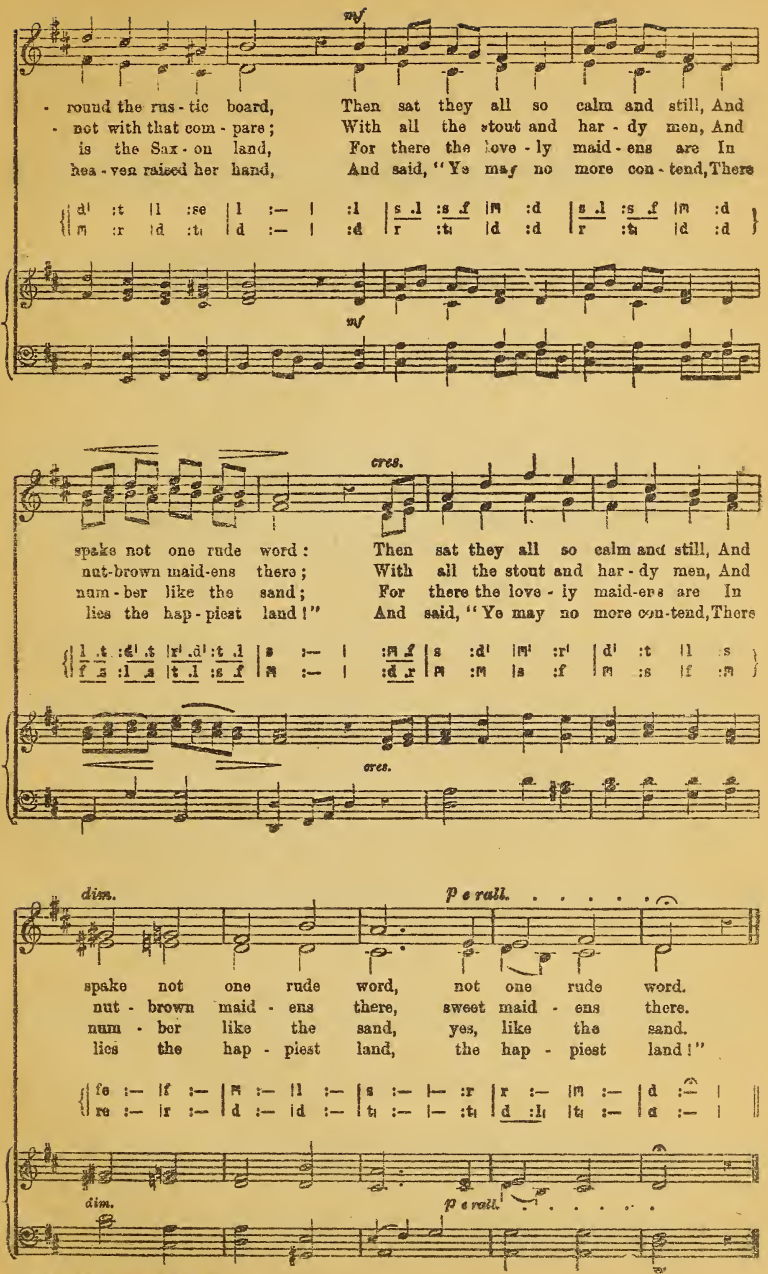
hale and heart - y fel - lows Who sipp'd the ru - by wine,..... Who
cried, all hot and flush'd with wine, "Long live the Swa-bian land!..... Long
ra - ther live in Lap - land Than that Swa-bian land of thine,..... Than that
there's a heav'n up - on this earth, In Bo - he - mi - a it lies,...,..... In Bo -

A.t.

p

sipp'd the ru - by wine. The land-lord's daughter fill'd their cups A -
live the Swa-bian land!" The great - est king-dom on the earth Can -
Swa-bian land of thine. The good - liest land on all this earth, It
he - mi - a it lies. And then the land-lord's daugh - ter To

D.t.

p

mf
round the rus - tic board, Then sat they all so calm and still, And
not with that com - pare; With all the stout and har - dy men, And
is the Sax - on land, For there the love - ly maid - ens are In
hea - ven raised her hand, And said, "Ye may no more con - tend, There
mf
cres.
spake not one rude word: Then sat they all so calm and still, And
nut-brown maid-ens there; With all the stout and har - dy men, And
num - ber like the sand; For there the love - ly maid-ens are In
lies the hap - piest land!" And said, "Ye may no more con-tend, There
cres.
dim.
p e rall.
spake not one rude word, not one rude word.
nut - brown maid - ens there, sweet maid - ens there.
num - ber like the sand, yes, like the sand.
lies the hap - piest land, the hap - piest land!"
dim.
p e rall.

Killarney.

E. Falconer. Balfe.

Moderato.

mf

1. By Kil-lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and wind-ing bays,
2. No place else can charm the eye, With such bright and var - ied tints;

Doh is F.

p

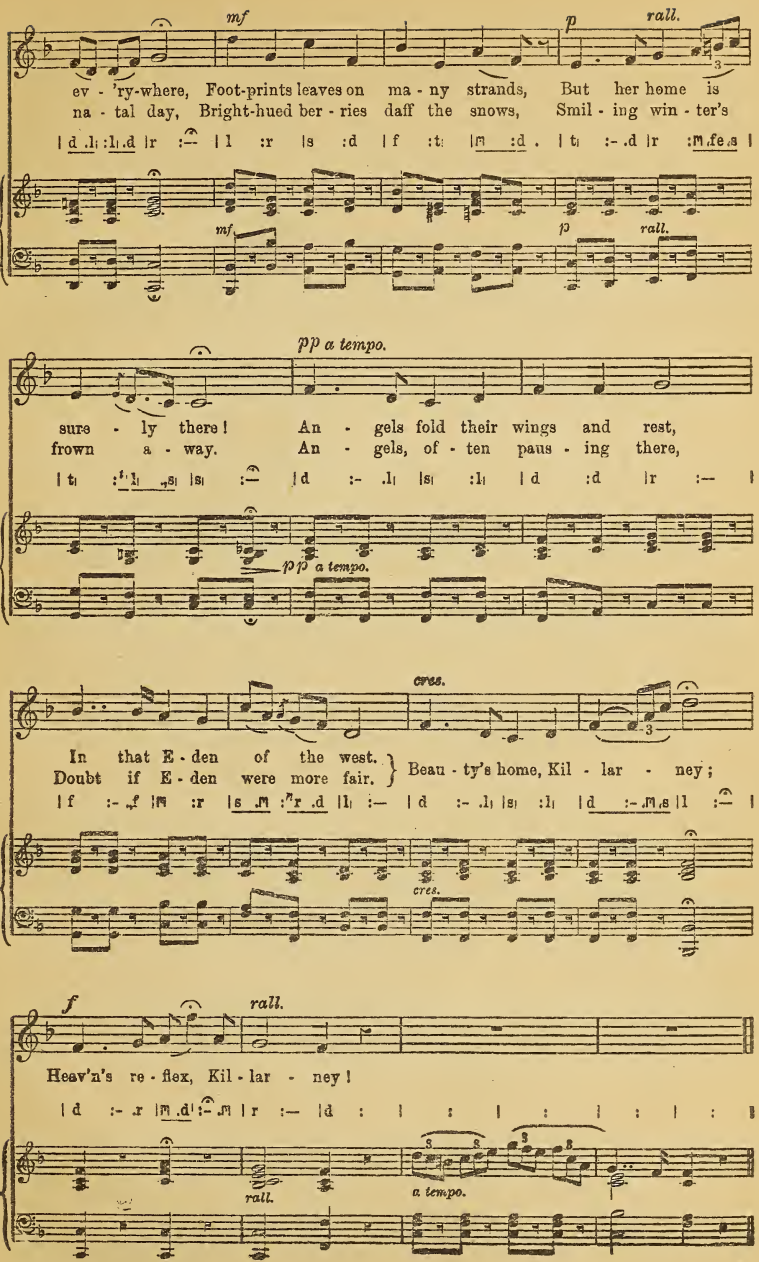
Moun-tain paths and wood-land dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays.
Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by Ver - dure broi - ders or be-sprints.

rall.

a tempo.

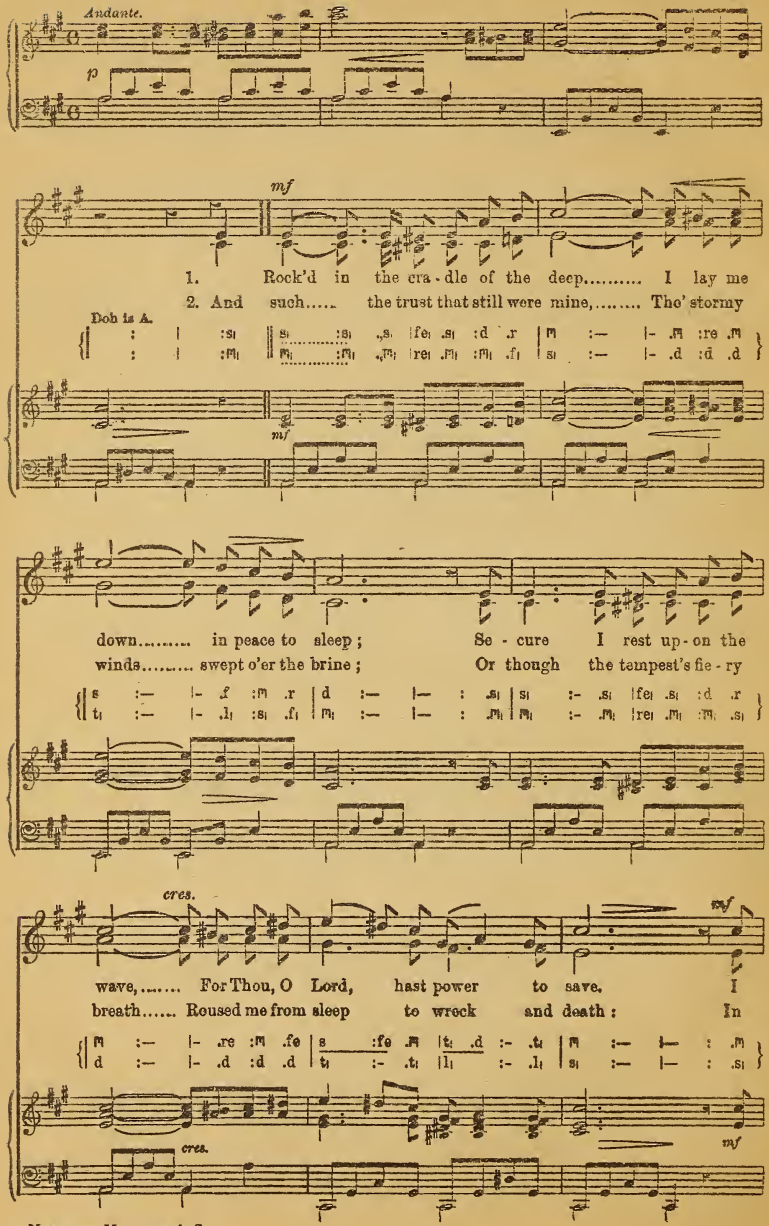
Boun - teous na - ture loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders
Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn spring's

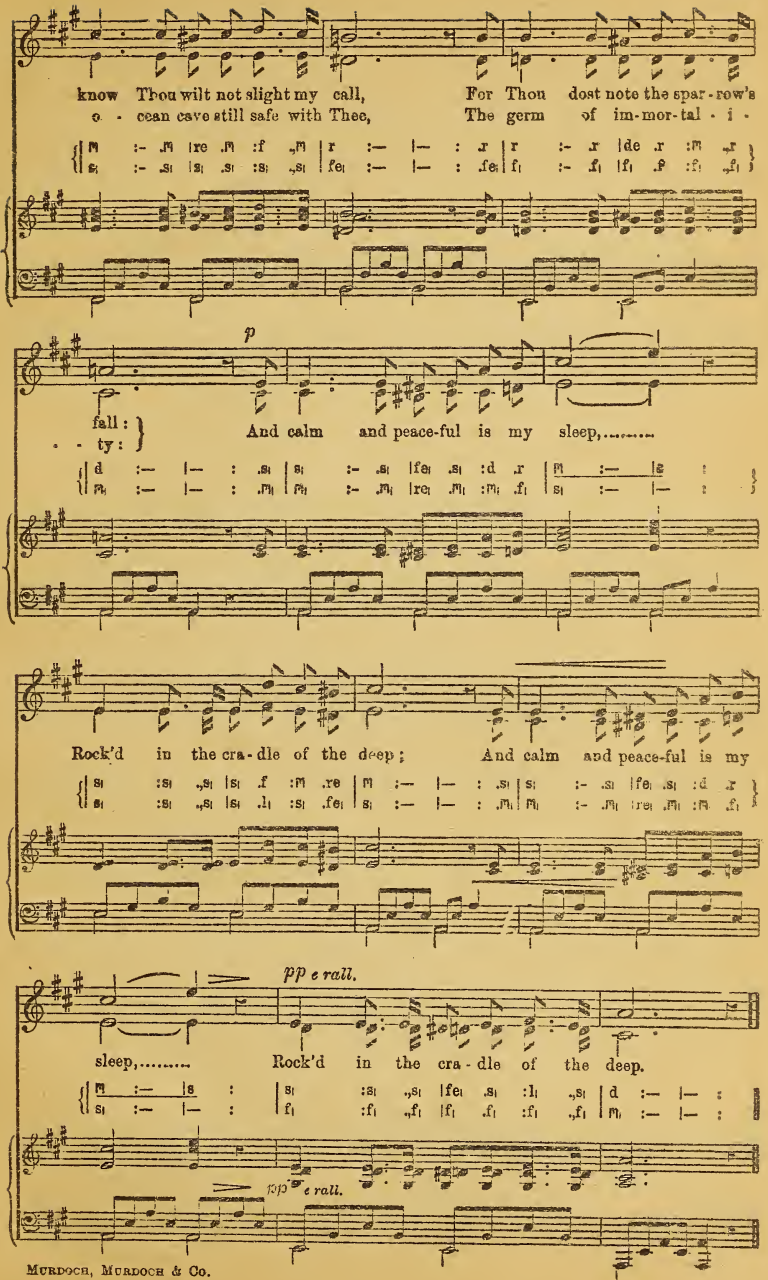
a tempo.


mf
p
rall.
ev - 'ry-where, Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands, But her home is
na - tal day, Bright-hued ber - ries daff the snows, Smil - ing win - ter's
pp a tempo.
sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest,
frown a - way. An - gels, of - ten paus - ing there,
cres.
In that E - den of the west.
Doubt if E - den were more fair.
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney;
f
rall.
Heav'n's re - flex, Kil - lar - ney!
a tempo.

Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep.

KNIGHT.


Andante.
p
mf
1. Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep..... I lay me
2. And such..... the trust that still were mine,..... Tho' stormy
Doh is A.
down..... in peace to sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the
winds..... swept o'er the brine; Or though the tempest's fie - ry
cres.
mf
wave,..... For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save. I
breath..... Roused me from sleep to wreck and death: In
cres.
mf


know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost note the spar-row's
o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i -
p
fall:
- ty:
And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,.....
Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep; And calm and peace-ful is my
pp e rall.
sleep,..... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.
p e rall.

Hark, through the Village Street.

VOCAL MARCH IN UNISON.

German Military March.

Moderato.

1. Hark, thro' the village street, tramp, tramp, a hundred feet,
2. Un - der a chestnut tree, now ga - ther mer-ri - ly,

Doh is C.

| : | : | : | : | s :d' ,t |l .t :d' | s :s ,l |s .f :r |

Moderato.

f *mf*

f

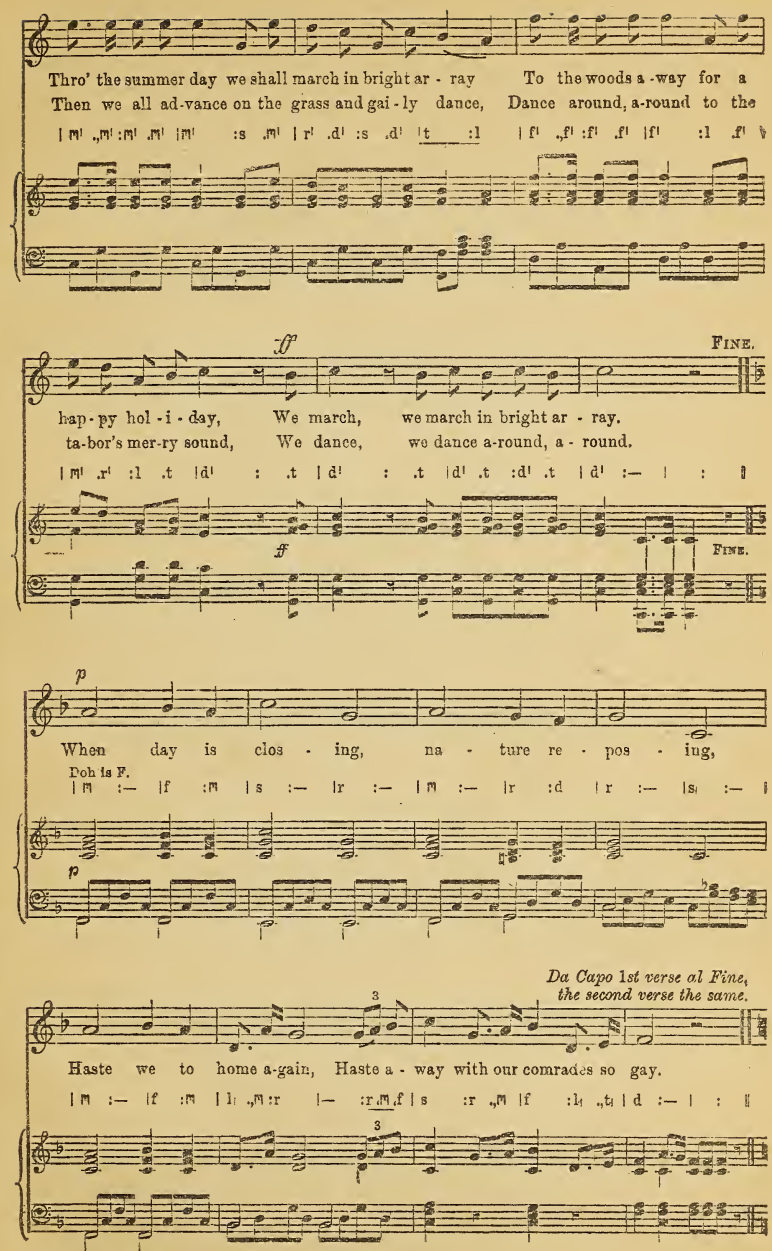
Brave - ly our ban-ner flies, sweet - ly our songs a - rise ; Thro' the summer day we shall
There play the games we love, while coos the gen-tle dove, Then we all ad-vance on the

| s :d' .t |l .t :d' | r' :s ,l |t .l :s | m' ,m' :m' ,m' |m' :s ,m' |

f

march in bright ar - ray To the woods a - way for a hap-py hol - i - day :
grass and gai - ly dance, Dance around, a-round to the ta-bor's mer-ry sound :

| r' .d' :s .d' |t :l | f' ,f' :f' .f' |f' :l .f' | m' .r' :l .t |d' : |


Thro' the summer day we shall march in bright ar - ray To the woods a - way for a
Then we all ad-vance on the grass and gai - ly dance, Dance around, a-round to the
| m | ,m :m | m | m | :s | m | r | d | :s | d | t :l | f | ,f :f | f | f | :l | f |
f
FINE.
hap - py hol - i - day, We march, we march in bright ar - ray.
ta-bor's mer-ry sound, We dance, we dance a-round, a - round.
| m | r | :l | t | d | : | t | d | : | t | d | t | :d | t | d | :— | : |
ff
FINE.
p
When day is clos - ing, na - ture re - pos - ing,
Poh is F.
| m | :— | f | :m | s | :— | r | :— | m | :— | r | :d | r | :— | s, | :— |
p
Da Capo 1st verse al Fine, the second verse the same.
3
Haste we to home a-gain, Haste a - way with our comrades so gay.
| m | :— | f | :m | l, | ,m :r | — | :r ,m ,f | s | :r | ,m | f | :l, | ,t, | d | :— | : |
3

England, dear England.

MARY COWDEN CLARKE. PATTISON.

Allegro.

1. Eng - land, dear Eng - land, the land of our birth,
2. Eng - land, dear Eng - land, be - lov'd na - tive land,

Doh is B♭.

Allegro.

Land of the fair, land of the brave, land of the brave and free.
Land of the great, land of the strong, land of the great and strong.

mf

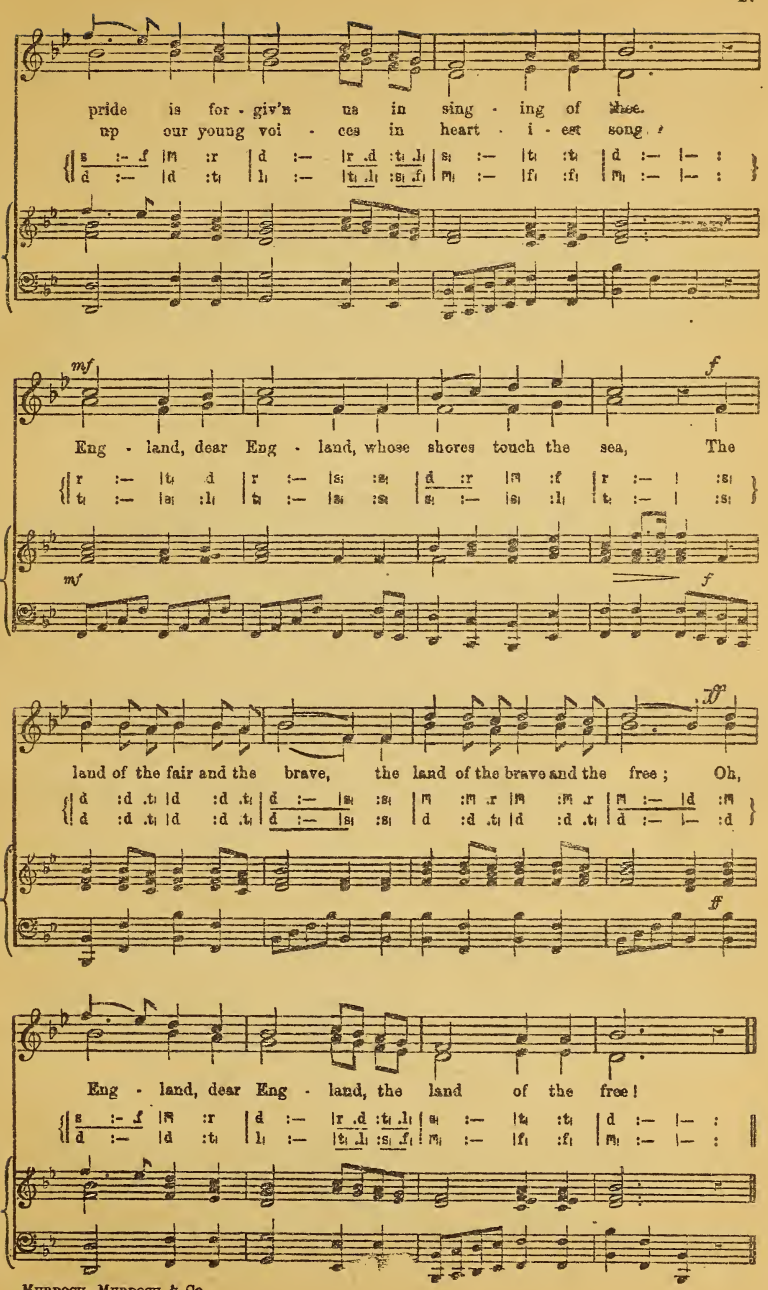
Eng - land, dear Eng - land, the first of the earth, Some
Sing we thy prais - es in bro - ther - ly band, Lift

mf

f

pride is for - giv'n us in sing - ing of thee, Some
up our young voi - ces in heart - i - est song, Lift

f


pride is for - giv'n us in sing - ing of thee.
up our young voi - ces in heart - i - est song.
mf
f
Eng - land, dear Eng - land, whose shores touch the sea, The
mf
f
land of the fair and the brave, the land of the brave and the free; Oh,
ff
ff
Eng - land, dear Eng - land, the land of the free!

O hush thee, my Babie.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. SULLIVAN.

p *Moderato.*

1. O hush thee, my ba - bie, thy sire was a knight, Thy
2. O fear not the bu - gle, though loud - ly it blows; It
3. O hush thee, my ba - bie, the time soon will come When thy

Doh is F.

:d .t$_1$ | d :d :d .t$_1$ | d :d :d .r | m :f :r | m :— :f .m
:d .t$_1$ | d :d :d .t$_1$ | d :d :d | d :d :d | d :— :d

cres. *dim.*

mo - ther a la - dy both gen - tle and bright, both gen - tle and
calls but the war - ders that guard thy re - pose, that guard thy re -
sleep shall be bro - ken by trum - pet and drum, by trum - pet and

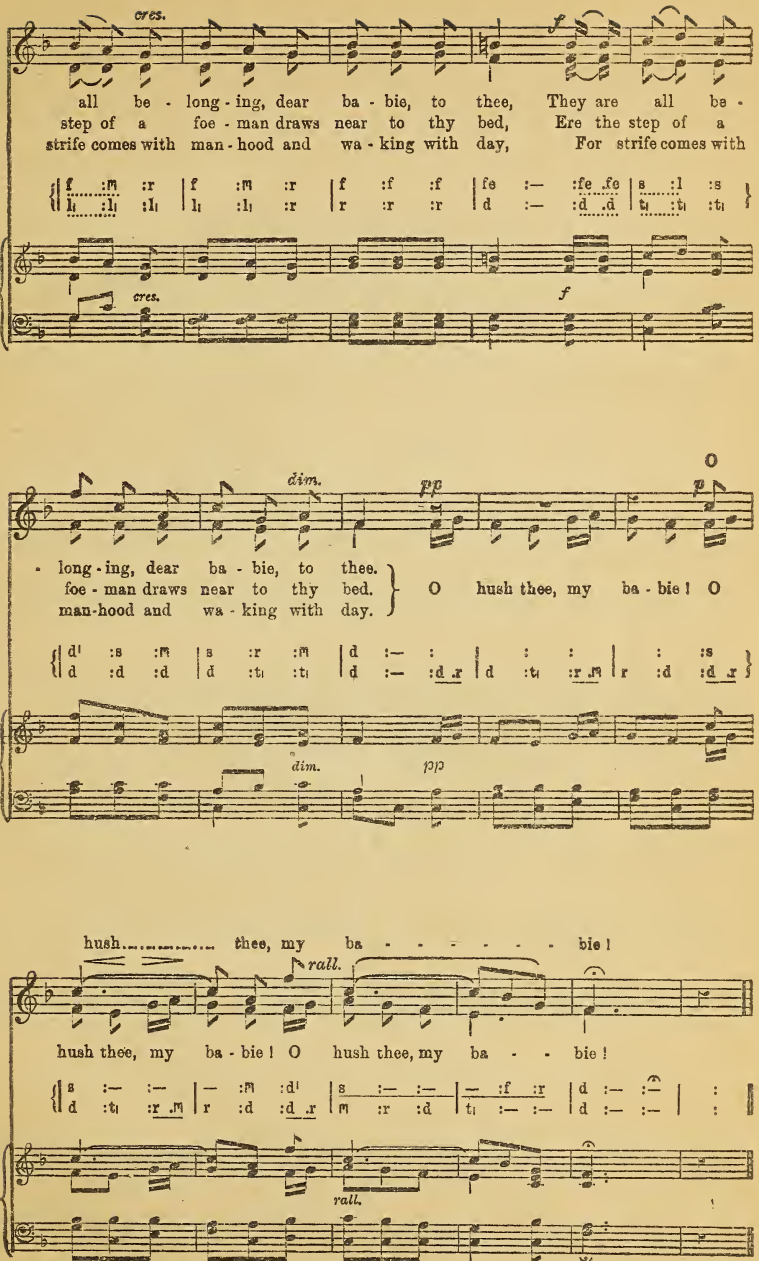
r :r :m | d :d :d | m :r :d | s :— :r | m :r :d
t$_1$:t$_1$:t$_1$ | l$_1$:l$_1$:l$_1$ | d :t$_1$:l$_1$ | t$_1$:— :t$_1$ | d :t$_1$:l$_1$

cres. *dim.*

p

bright; The woods and the glens from the tow'rs which we see, They are
pose; Their bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the
drum; Then hush thee, my dar - ling, take rest while you may For

t$_1$:— :r .m | f :r :r .de | r :r :r .de | r :r :m | f :— :f .f
s$_1$:— :t$_1$ | l$_1$:r :l$_1$ | l$_1$:r :l$_1$ | l$_1$:r :de | r :— :l$_1$ .l$_1$

p

cres.
f
all be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee, They are all be -
step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed, Ere the step of a
strife comes with man - hood and wa - king with day, For strife comes with
cres.
f
dim.
pp
O
- long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee.
foe - man draws near to thy bed.
man-hood and wa - king with day.
O hush thee, my ba - bie! O
dim.
pp
hush..... thee, my ba - - - - - - bie!
rall.
hush thee, my ba - bie! O hush thee, my ba - - bie!
rall.

Come o'er the Brook.

THOMAS FORD (17th Century).

mf Moderato. *p*

1. Come o'er the brook, Bes - sie, to me, To - ge - ther we will wan - der, Down
2. Where cher-ry - blos-soms deck the ground, And doves are soft - ly coo - ing, Where

Doh is D.

mf Moderato. *p*

cres.

where the nod-ding flow-rets grow, On syl - van joys we pon - der. The
youths and maid-ens ga - ther round, Their task of love pur - su - ing: From

cres.

f

birds shall be our com-rades gay, As they their nests are fill - ing—
hill and val - ley flows a stream, The brook is slow - ly well - ing—

f

p *pp e rall.*

Yes, yes, joy-ous is their song to - day, Sweet mu - sic they are trill - ing.
Yes, yes, trees are cover'd with green leaves, And e'en the buds are swell - ing.

p *pp e rall.*

The Sunset Tree.

HEMANS. *p Andante.* HEMANS. *mf*

1. Come to the sun - set tree, The day is past and gone, The
2. Sweet is the hour of rest, And sweet the wind's low sigh, The

Doh is C.

p *mf*

pp *mf*

wood-man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done; The
gleam - ing of the west, And the turf where - on we lie; When the

pp *mf*

dim.

twi - light star to heav'n, And the sum-mer dew to flow'r, And rest to us is
bur - den and the heat Of the lab'rer's task are o'er, And kind - ly voi-ces

dim.

p *mf*

giv'n By the cool, soft ev-'ning hour: Come, come, come!
greet The..... tired one at his door: Come, come, come!

p *mf*

MURDOCH, MURDOCH & Co.

The Golden Vanity.

Fifth verse added.

Words and Melody Traditional.

Moderato. *mf*

1. There was a ship came from the north country, And the name of the
2. Then up there came a lit - tle cab - in - boy, And he said to the
3. "Oh, I will give you sil - ver and gold, And my on - ly
4. The boy made rea - dy, and o - verboard sprang he, And he swam a - long -
5. Then here's to the lad who swam the deep blue sea, And here's to the

Doh is B♭.

f *mf*

ship was the Gold-en Van - i - ty, And they fear'd she might be taken by the Turkish en - e - my, That
captain, "What will you give to me, If I swim a - long - side of the Turkish en - e - my, And
daugh-ter your bride shall be, If you'll swim a - long - side of the Turkish en - e - my, And
side of the Turkish en - e - my, And with his au-ger sharp in her side he bored holes three, And
cap-tain who sail'd the o-cean free, And the jol - ly lit - tle sailors of the Gold-en Van - i - ty, That

cres. *cres.*

f

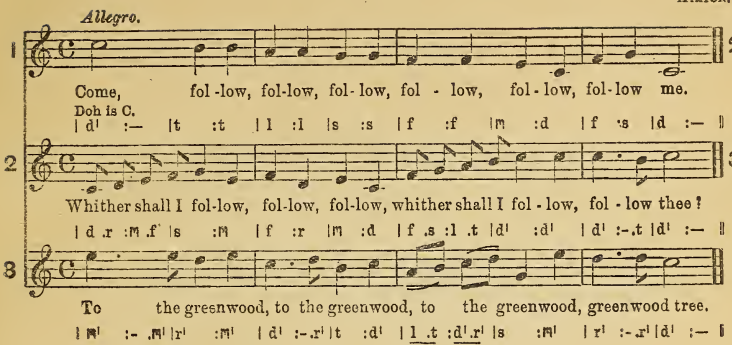
sail'd up - on the Low - land, That sail'd up - on the Low - land sea.
sink her in the Low - land, And sink her in the Low - land sea?"
sink her in the Low - land, And sink her in the Low - land sea."
sank her in the Low - land, And sank her in the Low - land sea.
sail'd up - on the Low - land, That sail'd up - on the Low - land sea.

f

Come, follow me.

ROUND.

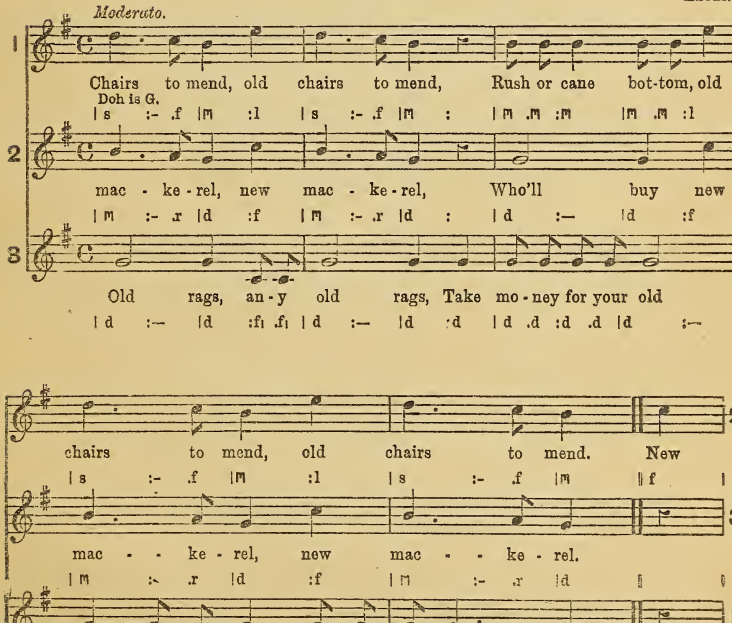
HILTON.


Allegro.
1
2
3
Come, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol - low, fol-low, fol-low me.
Doh is C.
Whither shall I fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, whither shall I fol-low, fol - low thee?
To the greenwood, to the greenwood, to the greenwood, greenwood tree.

Chairs to mend.

CATCH.

HAYES.


Moderato.
1
2
3
Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, Rush or cane bot-tom, old
Doh is G.
mac - ke-rel, new mac - ke-rel, Who'll buy new
Old rags, an-y old rags, Take mo-ney for your old
chairs to mend, old chairs to mend. New
mac - - ke-rel, new mac - - ke-rel.
rags, an-y hare-skins or rab-bit - - skins.

The Song of the Mariner.

CUNNINGHAM. PATTISON.

Allegro.

1. A wet sheet and a flow-ing sea, A wind that fol-lows
2. Then "O..... for a gen-tle wind," I hear a fair one
3. There's storm in yon horn-ed moon, And lightning in yon

Doh is C.

fast, And fills the white and rustling sail, And bends the gal-lant mast, And
cry; But give to me the snor-ing breeze, And white waves heaving high! But
cloud; And hark, the mu-sic, ma-ri-ners, The wind is pi-ping loud! And

G.t.

mf

fills the white and rustling sail, And bends the gal-lant mast, And bends, and
give to me the snor-ing breeze, And white waves heaving high! And white waves
hark, the mu-sic, ma-ri-ners, The wind is pi-ping loud! The wind, the

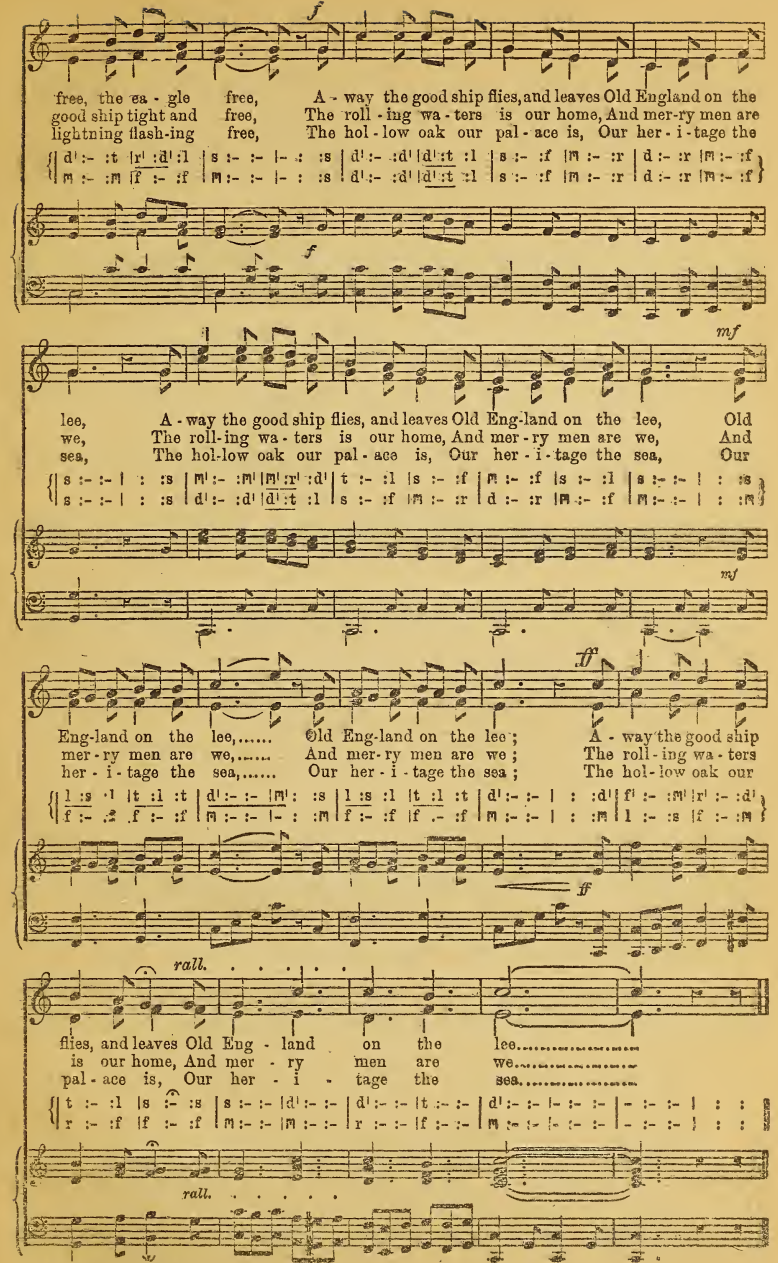
f.C.

mf

p

bends the gal-lant mast, my boys, While like..... the ea-gle
heav-ing, heav-ing high, my boys, The good..... ship tight, the
wind is pi-ping loud, my boys, And flash-ing free, the

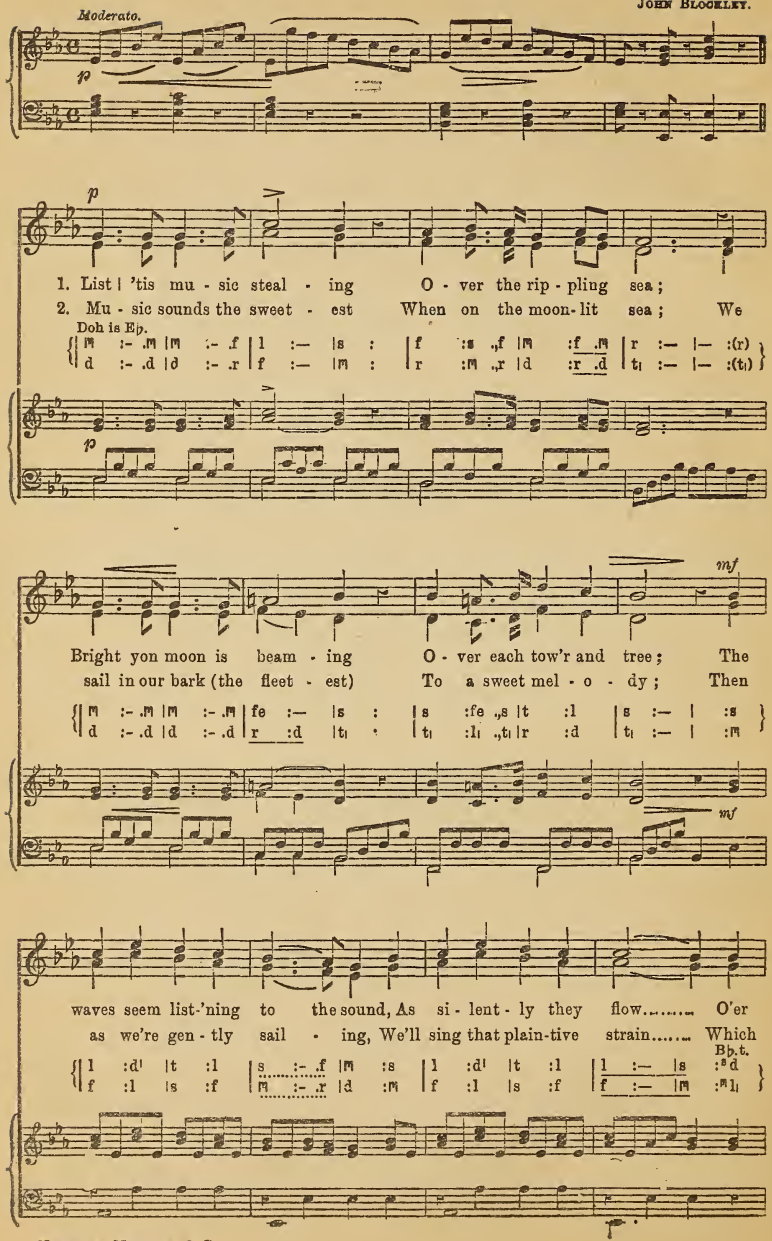
p

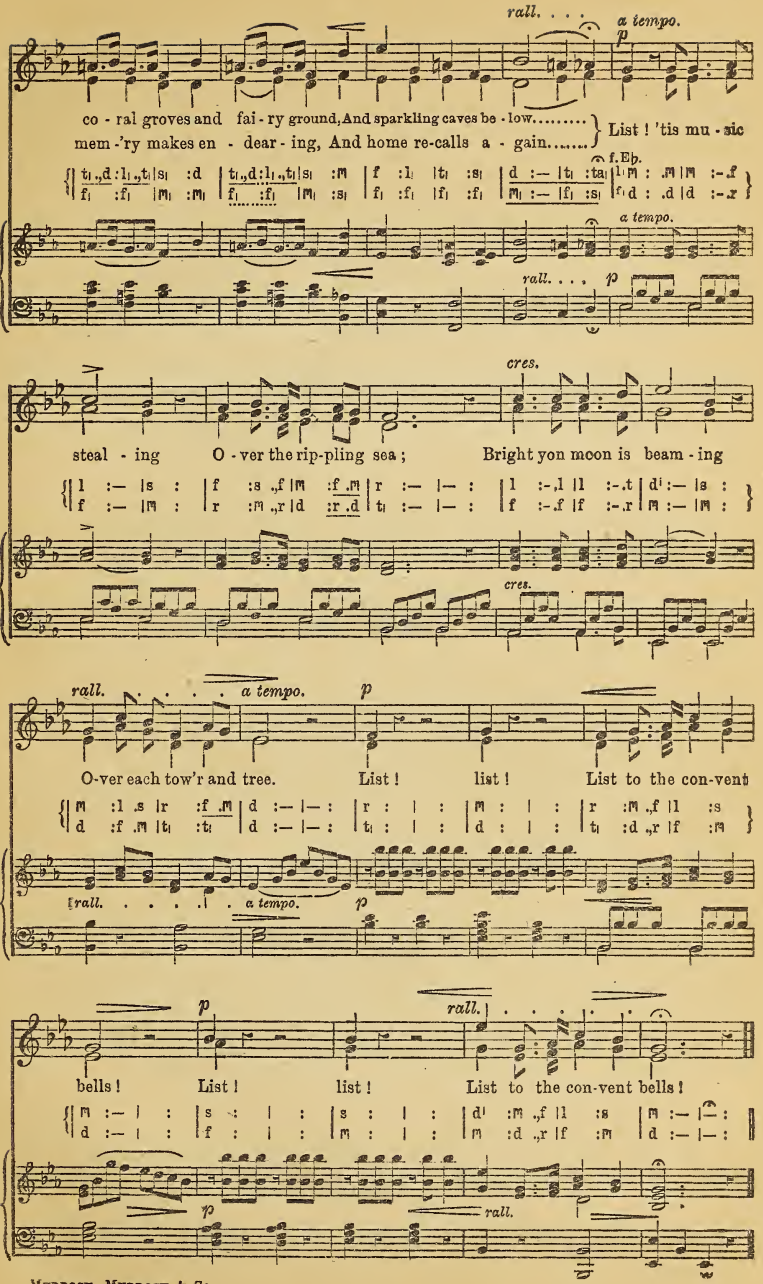

free, the ea - gle free, A - way the good ship flies, and leaves Old England on the
good ship tight and free, The roll - ing wa - ters is our home, And mer-ry men are
lightning flash-ing free, The hol - low oak our pal - ace is, Our her - i - tage the
f
mf
lee, A - way the good ship flies, and leaves Old Eng-land on the lee, Old
we, The roll-ing wa - ters is our home, And mer - ry men are we, And
sea, The hol-low oak our pal - ace is, Our her - i - tage the sea, Our
mf
ff
Eng-land on the lee,..... Old Eng-land on the lee; A - way the good ship
mer - ry men are we,..... And mer-ry men are we; The roll - ing wa - ters
her - i - tage the sea,..... Our her - i - tage the sea; The hol - low oak our
ff
rall.
flies, and leaves Old Eng - land on the lee.....
is our home, And mer - ry men are we.....
pal - ace is, Our her - i - tage the sea.....
rall.

MURDOCH, MURDOCH & Co.

List to the Convent Bells.

John Blockley.


Moderato.
p
1. List | 'tis mu - sic steal - ing O - ver the rip - pling sea;
2. Mu - sic sounds the sweet - est When on the moon-lit sea; We
Doh is Eb.
mf
Bright yon moon is beam - ing O - ver each tow'r and tree; The
sail in our bark (the fleet - est) To a sweet mel - o - dy; Then
mf
waves seem list-'ning to the sound, As si - lent - ly they flow..... O'er
as we're gen - tly sail - ing, We'll sing that plain-tive strain..... Which
Bb.t.


rall. . . .
a tempo.
p
co - ral groves and fai - ry ground, And sparkling caves be - low.....
mem -'ry makes en - dear - ing, And home re-calls a - gain.....
List ! 'tis mu - sic
f. Eb.
a tempo.
rall. . . . p
cres.
steal - ing O - ver the rip-pling sea ; Bright yon moon is beam - ing
cres.
rall. . . . . a tempo. p
O-ver each tow'r and tree. List ! list ! List to the con-vent
rall. . . . . a tempo. p
p
rall.
bells ! List ! list ! List to the con-vent bells !
p
rall.

Evening Bells.

T. M. P. TAUBERT

Moderato. *mf*

1. Bim, bome, hear the bells so sweet - ly chim - ing;
2. Bim, bome, in the churchyard where we list - en;

Doh is G.

p *Moderato.* *mf*

p *mf*

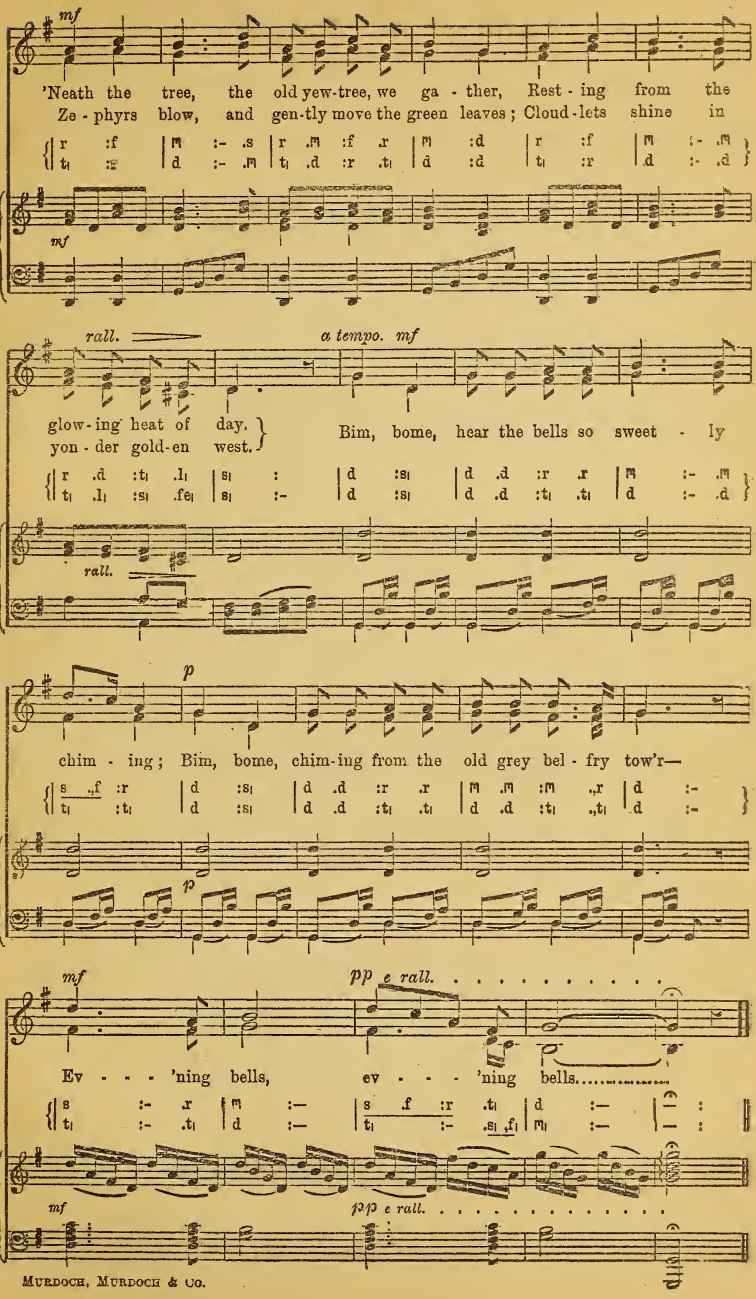
Bim, bome, chim-ing from the old grey bel-fry tow'r; Bim, bome, now the notes come
Bim, bome, sit we now and rest on clo-ver sweet; Bim, bome, o'er the val - ley

p *mf*

p

gen - tly peal - ing; Bim, bome, As the hour of sun-set draw-eth near.
sounds the chim - ing; Bim, bome, Soon we all our friends at home shall greet.

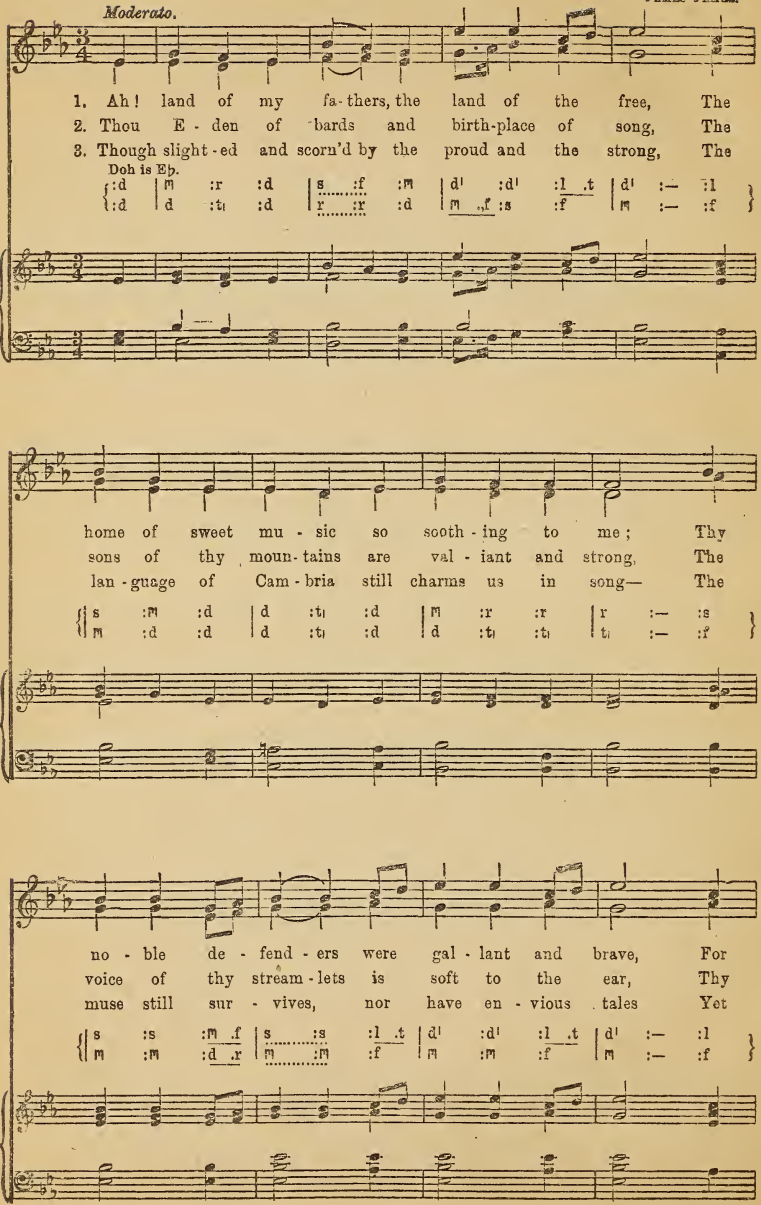
p

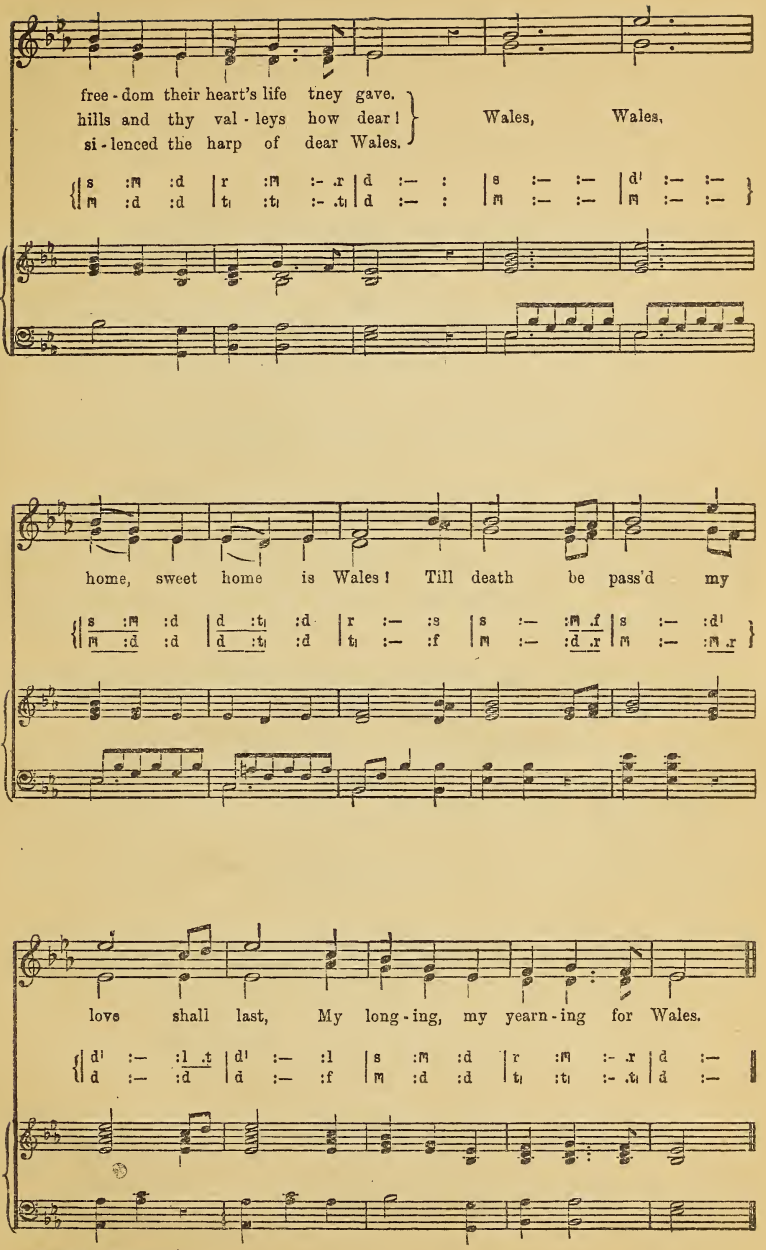

mf
'Neath the tree, the old yew-tree, we ga - ther, Rest - ing from the
Ze - phyrs blow, and gen-tly move the green leaves; Cloud-lets shine in
mf
rall.
a tempo. mf
glow-ing heat of day.
yon - der gold-en west.
Bim, bome, hear the bells so sweet - ly
rall.
p
chim - ing; Bim, bome, chim-ing from the old grey bel - fry tow'r—
p
mf
pp e rall.
Ev - - - 'ning bells, ev - - - 'ning bells.....
mf
pp e rall.

Land of my Fathers.

WELSH NATIONAL SONG.

JAMES JAMES.

Moderato.

1. Ah! land of my fa-thers, the land of the free, The
2. Thou E-den of bards and birth-place of song, The
3. Though slight-ed and scorn'd by the proud and the strong, The
Doh is E♭.
home of sweet mu-sic so sooth-ing to me; Thy
sons of thy moun-tains are val-iant and strong, The
lan-guage of Cam-bria still charms us in song— The
no-ble de-fend-ers were gal-lant and brave, For
voice of thy stream-lets is soft to the ear, Thy
muse still sur-vives, nor have en-vious tales Yet


free - dom their heart's life tney gave.
hills and thy val - leys how dear!
si - lenced the harp of dear Wales.
Wales, Wales,
home, sweet home is Wales! Till death be pass'd my
love shall last, My long - ing, my yearn - ing for Wales.

The Bonnie Brier-bush.

CHARLES MACKAY. Scottish Melody.

Andante moderato.

mf

1. There grew a bon - nie bri - er - bush At our ha' door, A' cov - er'd o'er wi'
2. He twined it 'mid my gowden locks At our ha' door, A sign o' plighted
3. And ma-ny years have come and gone At our ha' door, And still the bri - er -

Doh is G.

mf

p *mf*

ro - ses red At our ha' door; And stand-ing there a - lane, My
love and truth At our ha' door; And since that hap - py morn Of the
rose is red At our ha' door; And o - t..er blos-soms blow, And

p *mf*

dim. *pp rall.* . . . .

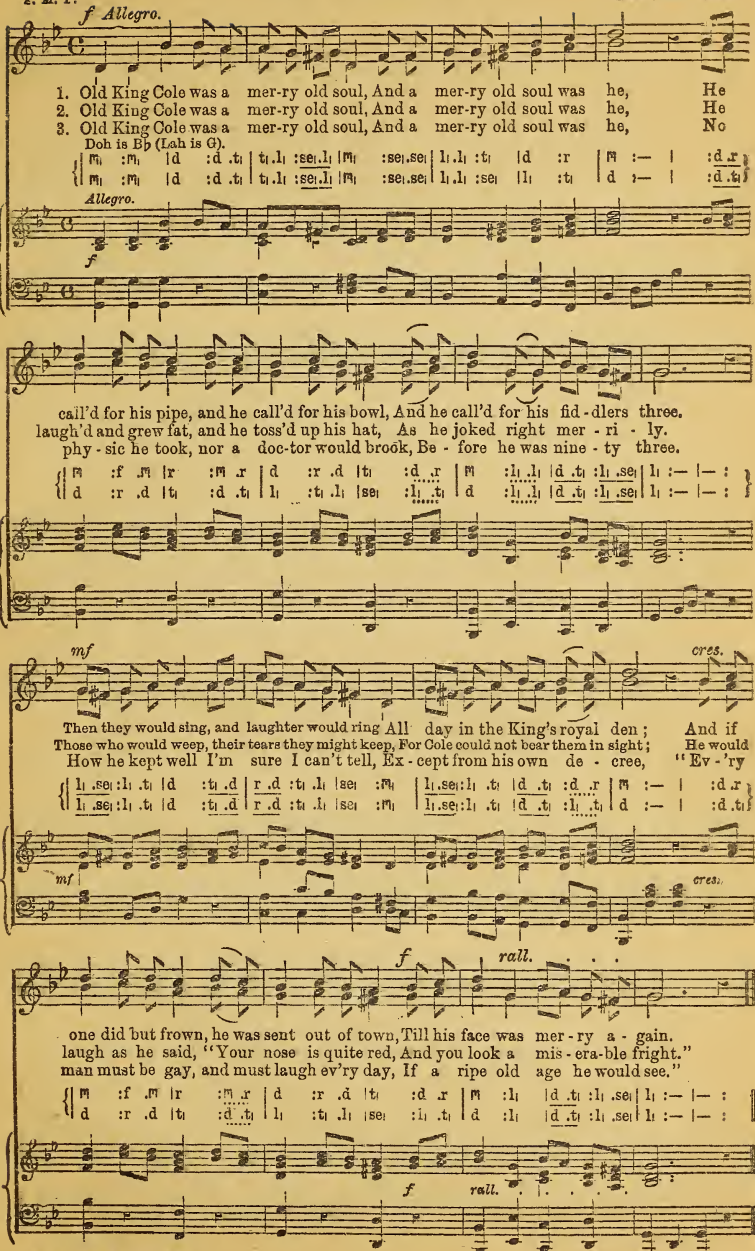
true love gather'd ane, And pu'd wi' care the thorns a - wa' At our ha' door.
rose with-out a thorn, We've aye been can-ty and con-tent At our ha' door.
bon-nie bairnies grow, There's love and peace baith out and in At our ha' door.

dim. *pp rall.* . . . . .

Old King Cole.

T. M. P.

Traditional Tune.


f Allegro.
1. Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he, He
2. Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he, He
3. Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he, No
Doh is B♭ (Lah is G).
Allegro.
f
call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid - dlers three.
laugh'd and grew fat, and he toss'd up his hat, As he joked right mer - ri - ly.
phy - sic he took, nor a doc-tor would brook, Be - fore he was nine - ty three.
mf
cres.
Then they would sing, and laughter would ring All day in the King's royal den; And if
Those who would weep, their tears they might keep, For Cole could not bear them in sight; He would
How he kept well I'm sure I can't tell, Ex - cept from his own de - cree, "Ev - 'ry
mf
cres.
f
rall.
one did but frown, he was sent out of town, Till his face was mer - ry a - gain.
laugh as he said, "Your nose is quite red, And you look a mis - era-ble fright."
man must be gay, and must laugh ev'ry day, If a ripe old age he would see."
f
rall.

Come, celebrate the May.

MARY COWDEN CLARKE. J. L. HATTON.

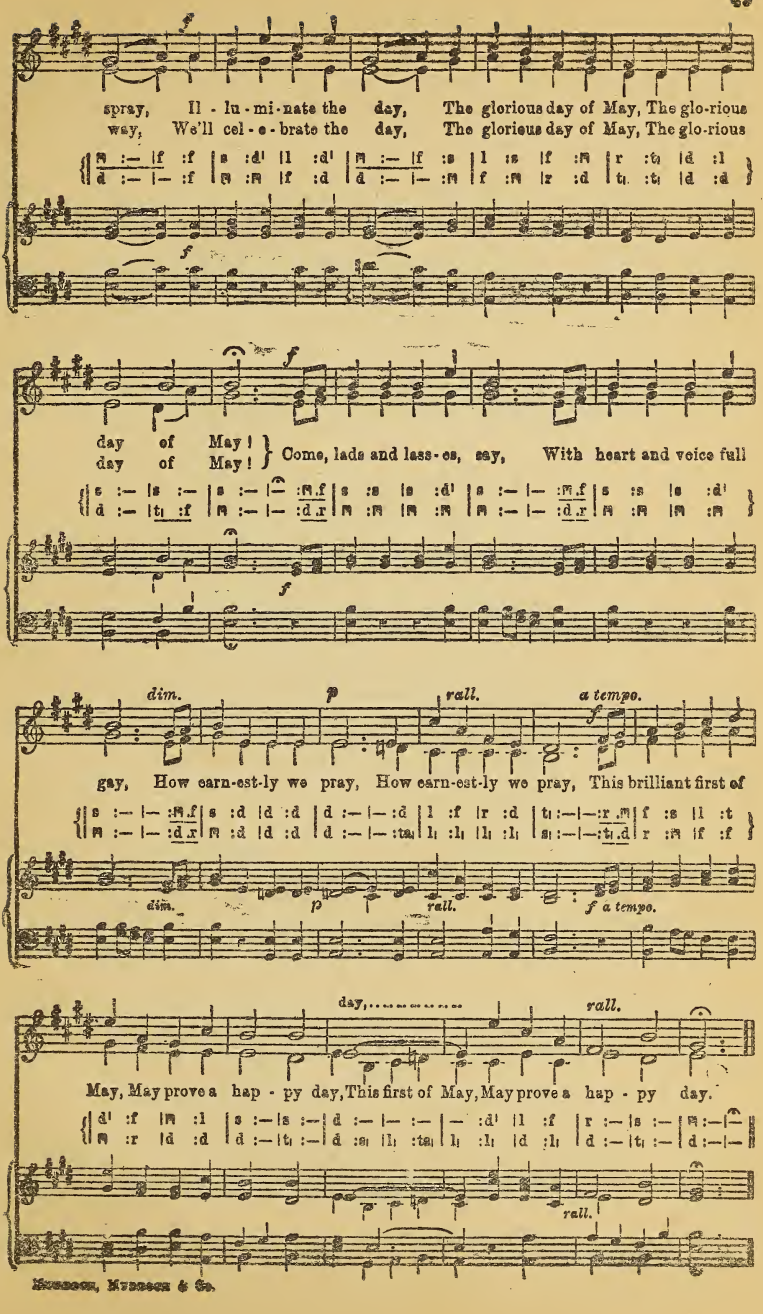
Allegro.

1. Come, cel-e-brate the May, Let's have a rounde - lay, And mirthful as a fay,..... Mirth-ful as a fay, We'll dance, we'll dance and sing the live-long day,.....
2. Come, join our mer-ry band, The gay-est in the land, Bedeck'd with pretty flow'rs, 'Deck'd with pretty flow'rs, We pass, we pass the hap-py, fleet-ing hours,.....

Doh is E.

day, the live-long day, And sing the day, the live-long day of May. The
hours, the fleeting hours, We pass the hours, the hap-py, fleet - ing hours. The

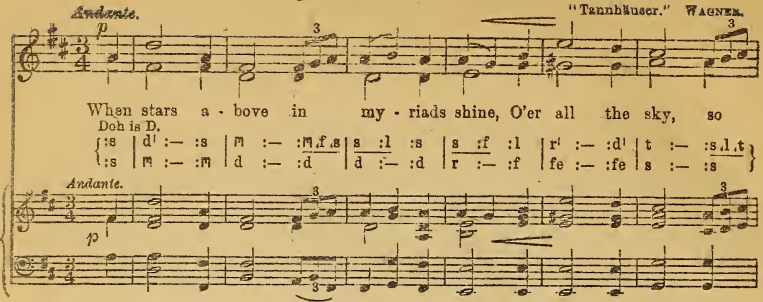
sun shall shed his ray, In dazzling light shall play, And gild-ing ev - 'ry
vil-lage streets are gay, With flags in fine ar - ray, And dancing all the

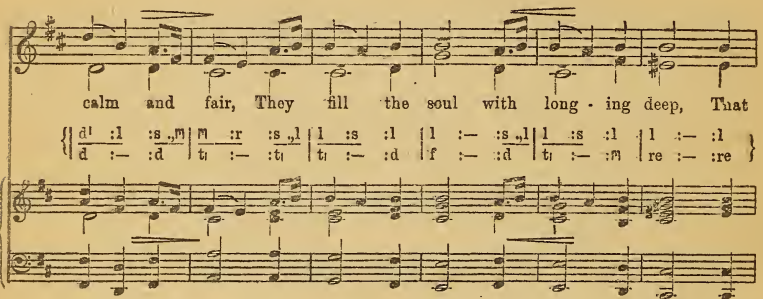
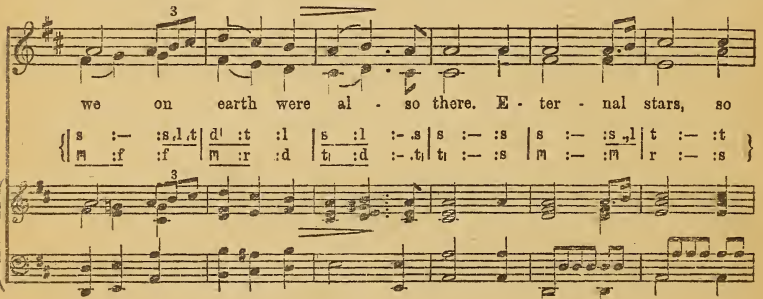

spray, Il - lu - mi - nate the day, The glorious day of May, The glo-rious
way, We'll cel - e - brate the day, The glorious day of May, The glo-rious
day of May!
day of May!
Come, lads and lass-es, say, With heart and voice full
dim.
rall.
a tempo.
gay, How earn-est-ly we pray, How earn-est-ly we pray, This brilliant first of
day,
rall.
May, May prove a hap - py day, This first of May, May prove a hap - py day.
Novello, Ewer & Co.

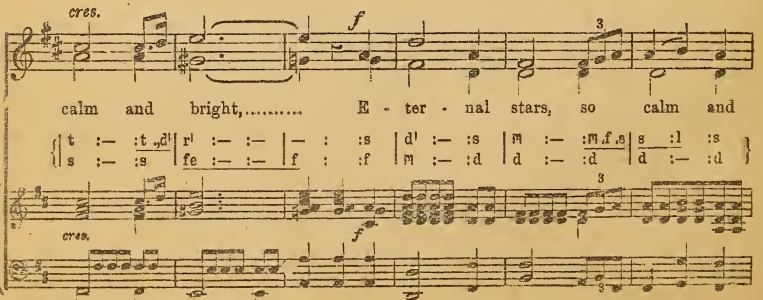
Pilgrim's Chorus.

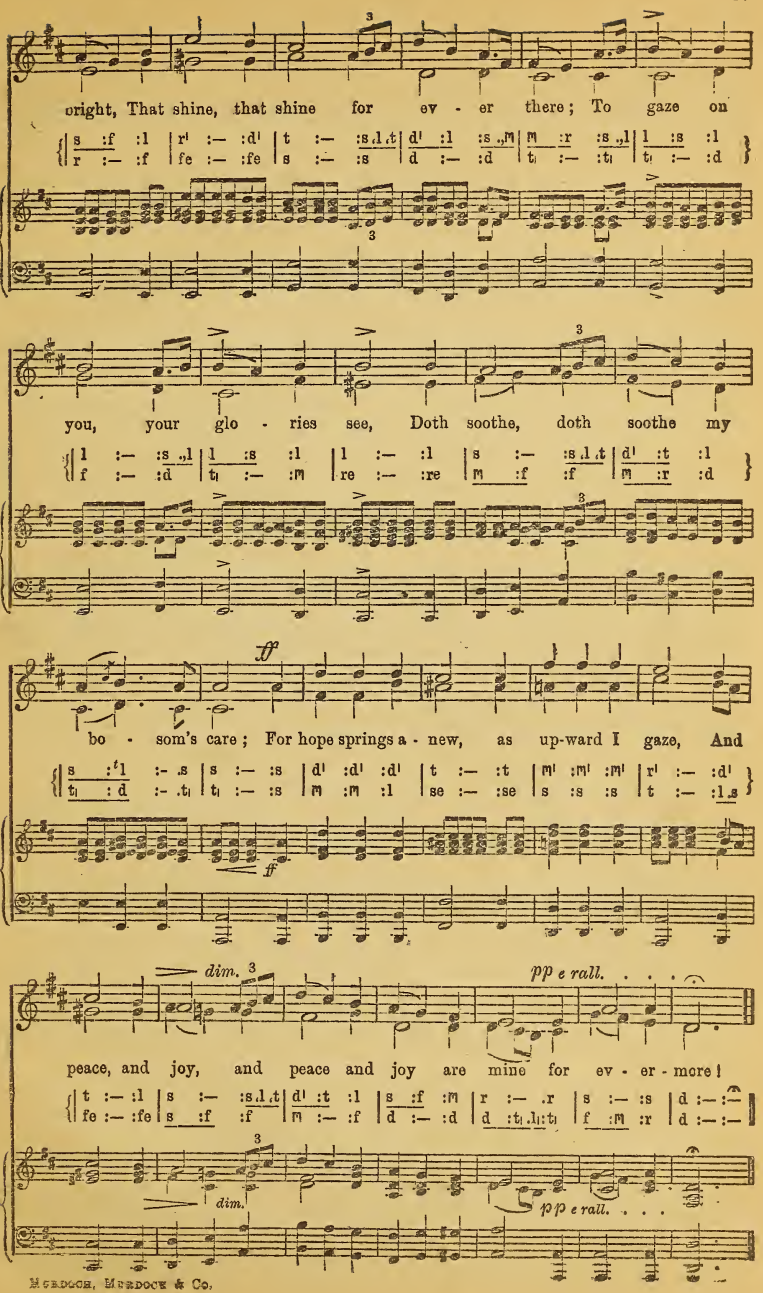
"Tannhäuser." WAGNER.

Andante. *p*








bright, That shine, that shine for ev - er there; To gaze on
you, your glo - ries see, Doth soothe, doth soothe my
ff
bo - som's care; For hope springs a - new, as up-ward I gaze, And
dim.
pp e rall.
peace, and joy, and peace and joy are mine for ev - er - more!
dim.
pp e rall.

Murdoch, Murdoch & Co.

The Keys of Heaven.

Tune and Words Traditional. Cheshire Folk-Song.

Moderato. (He.) *mf*

1. I will give you the keys of hea-ven, I will give you the
2. I will give you a blue silk gown, To make you fine when you
3. I will give you a coach and six— Six black hor-ses as
4. I will give you the keys of my heart, We'll be mar-ried till

Doh is G.

| : | : | : | : | : | d :d | r :r .r | s :- .f | m :r | d :d | r :r .r |

mf

rall.

keys of heaven: Madam, will you walk? Madam, will you talk? Madam, will you walk and
go to town: Madam, will you walk? Madam, will you talk? Madam, will you walk and
black as pitch: Madam, will you walk? Madam, will you talk? Madam, will you walk and
death us do part: Madam, will you walk? Madam, will you talk? Madam, will you walk and

| s :- .f | m :r | d .r :d .l, | s, : | d .r :d .l, | s, : | d .r :d .l, | s, :f |

rall.

(She.) *a tempo.*

talk with me? Tho' you give me the keys of heaven, Tho' you give me the keys of heaven,
talk with me? Tho' you give me a blue silk gown, To make me fine when I go to town,
talk with me? Tho' you give me a coach and six— Six black hor-ses as black as pitch,
talk with me? Thou shalt give me the keys of thy heart, We'll be married till death us do part;

| m :r | d : | d :d | r :r .r | s :- .f | m :r | d :d | r :r .r | s :- .f | m :r |

a tempo.

p *rall.*

Yet I will not walk; No, I will not talk; No, I will not walk or talk with thee.
Yet I will not walk; No, I will not talk; No, I will not walk or talk with thee.
Yet I will not walk; No, I will not talk; No, I will not walk or talk with thee.
Glad-ly I will walk, Glad-ly I will talk; Glad-ly I will walk and talk with thee.

| d .r :d .l, | s, : | d .r :d .l, | s, : | d .r :d .l, | s, :f | m :r | d :— |

p *rall.*

Murdoch, Murdoch & Co.

O wert thou in the Cauld Blast.

ROBERT BURNS. MENDELSSOHN.

Andante.

1. O wert thou in the
2. Or were I in the

Doh is B♭.

Andante.

p

cauld blast, On yonder lea, on yon-der lea, Ma plaid-ie to the an-gry airt,..... I'd
wildest waste, Sae black and bare, sae black and bare, The desert were a pa - ra - dise,..... If

cres. *sf*

p

shel-ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee : Or did misfortune's bitter storms Around thee blaw, a -
thou wert there, if thou wert there : Or were I monarch of the globe, With thee to reign, with

cres. *sf*

p

pp e rall. . .

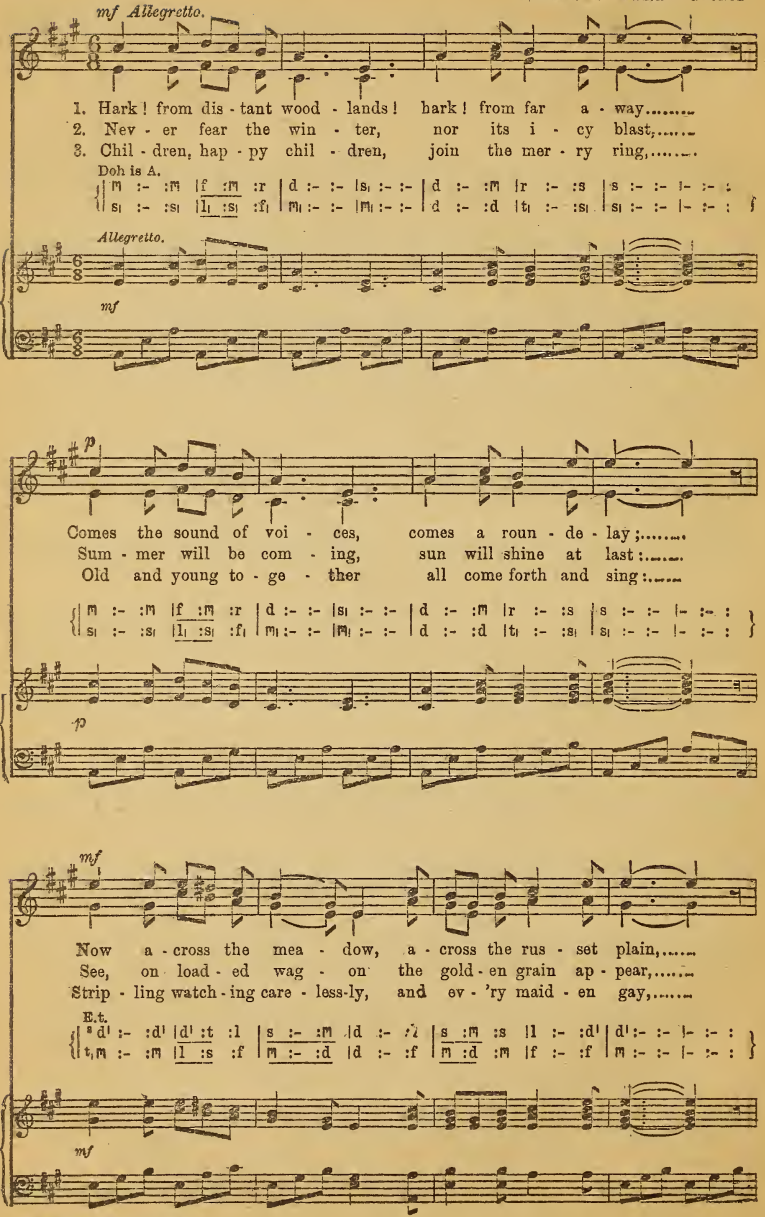
- round thee blaw, Thy bield should be my bo - som, To share it a', to share it a'.
thee to reign, The brightest jewel in my crown Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

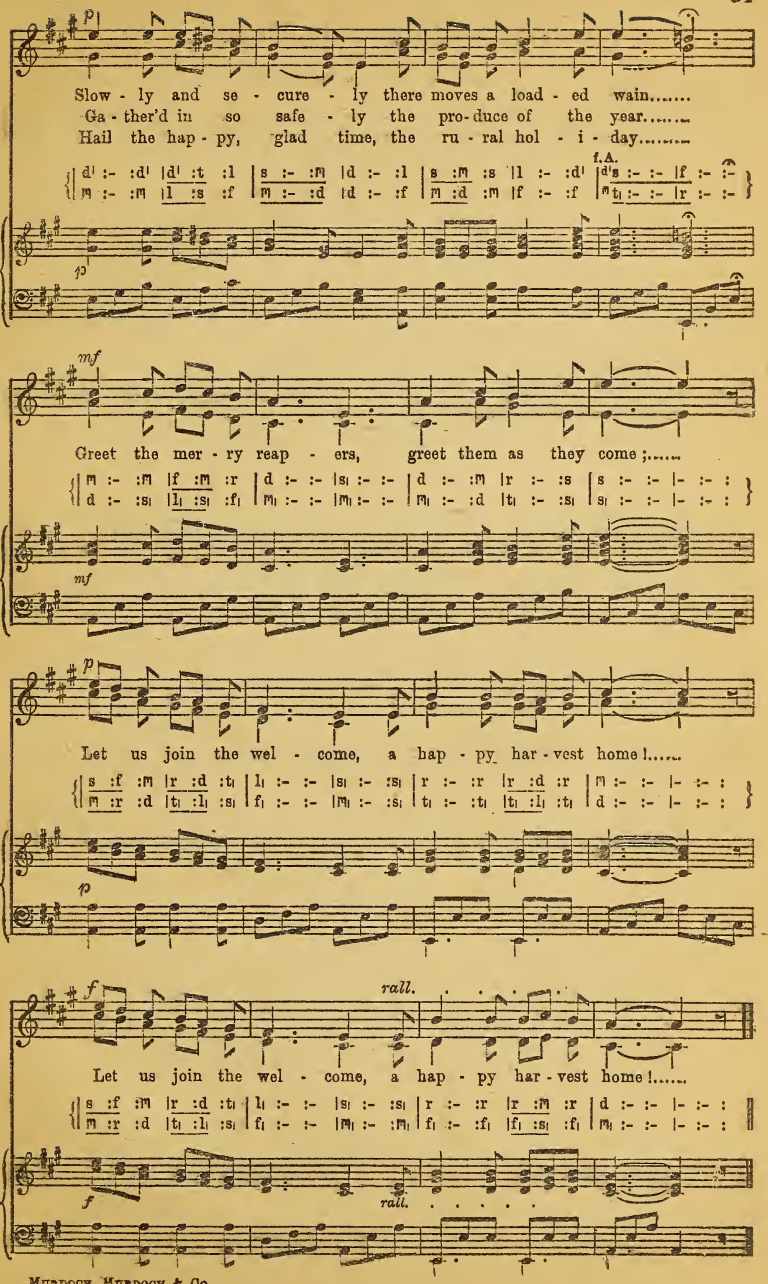
pp rall. . . . . .

MURDOCH, MURDOCH & Co.

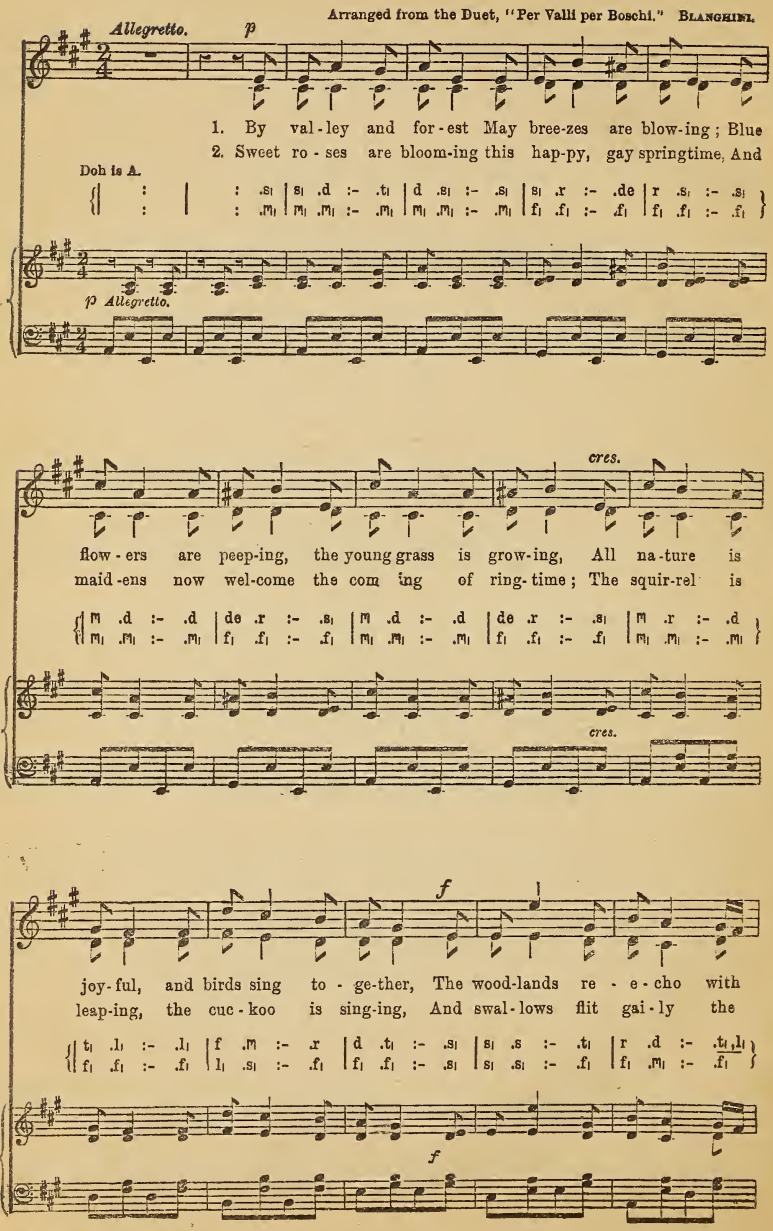
Harvest Home.

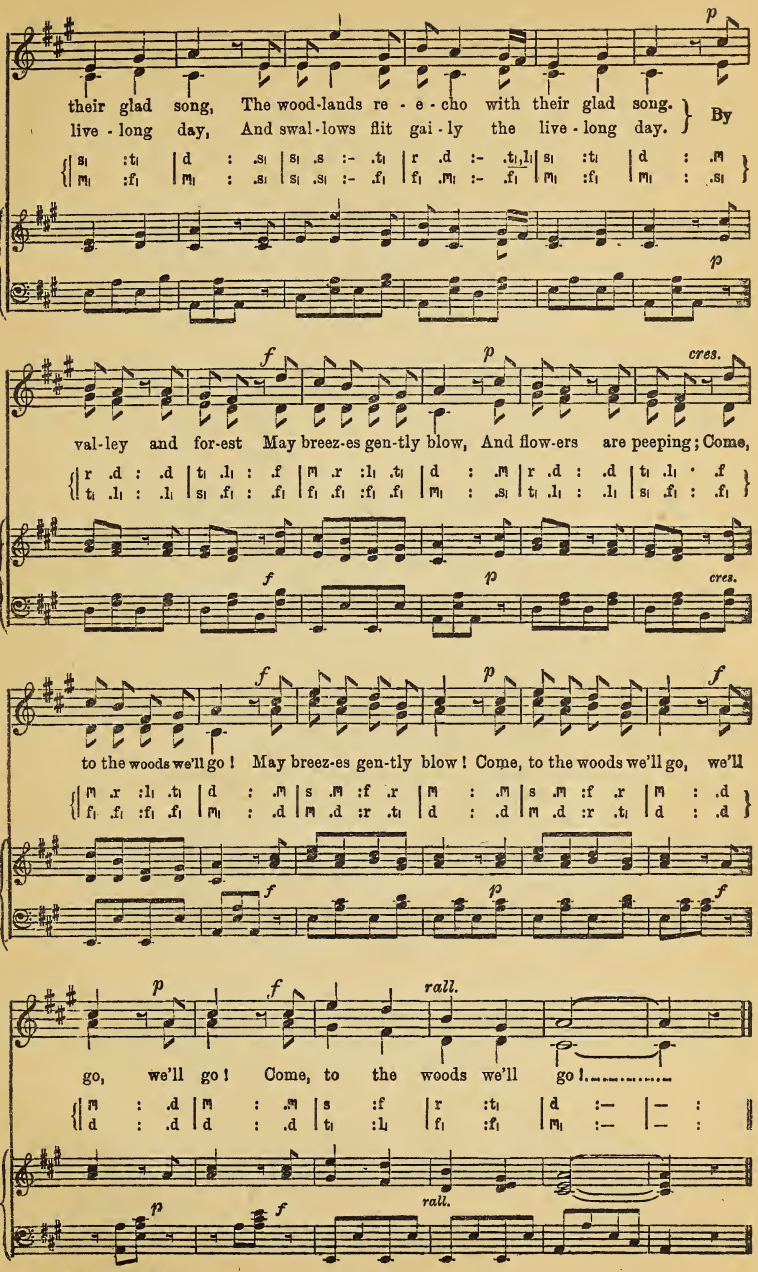
Chorus from "Faust." GOUNOD


mf Allegretto.
1. Hark! from dis - tant wood - lands! hark! from far a - way.....
2. Nev - er fear the win - ter, nor its i - cy blast,.....
3. Chil - dren, hap - py chil - dren, join the mer - ry ring,.....
Doh is A.
Allegretto.
mf
p
Comes the sound of voi - ces, comes a roun - de - lay;.....
Sum - mer will be com - ing, sun will shine at last:.....
Old and young to - ge - ther all come forth and sing:.....
p
mf
Now a - cross the mea - dow, a - cross the rus - set plain,.....
See, on load - ed wag - on the gold - en grain ap - pear,.....
Strip - ling watch - ing care - less-ly, and ev - 'ry maid - en gay,.....
E.t.
mf


p
Slow - ly and se - cure - ly there moves a load - ed wain.....
Ga - ther'd in so safe - ly the pro-duce of the year.....
Hail the hap - py, glad time, the ru - ral hol - i - day.....
f.a.
mf
Greet the mer - ry reap - ers, greet them as they come;.....
Let us join the wel - come, a hap - py har - vest home!.....
rall.

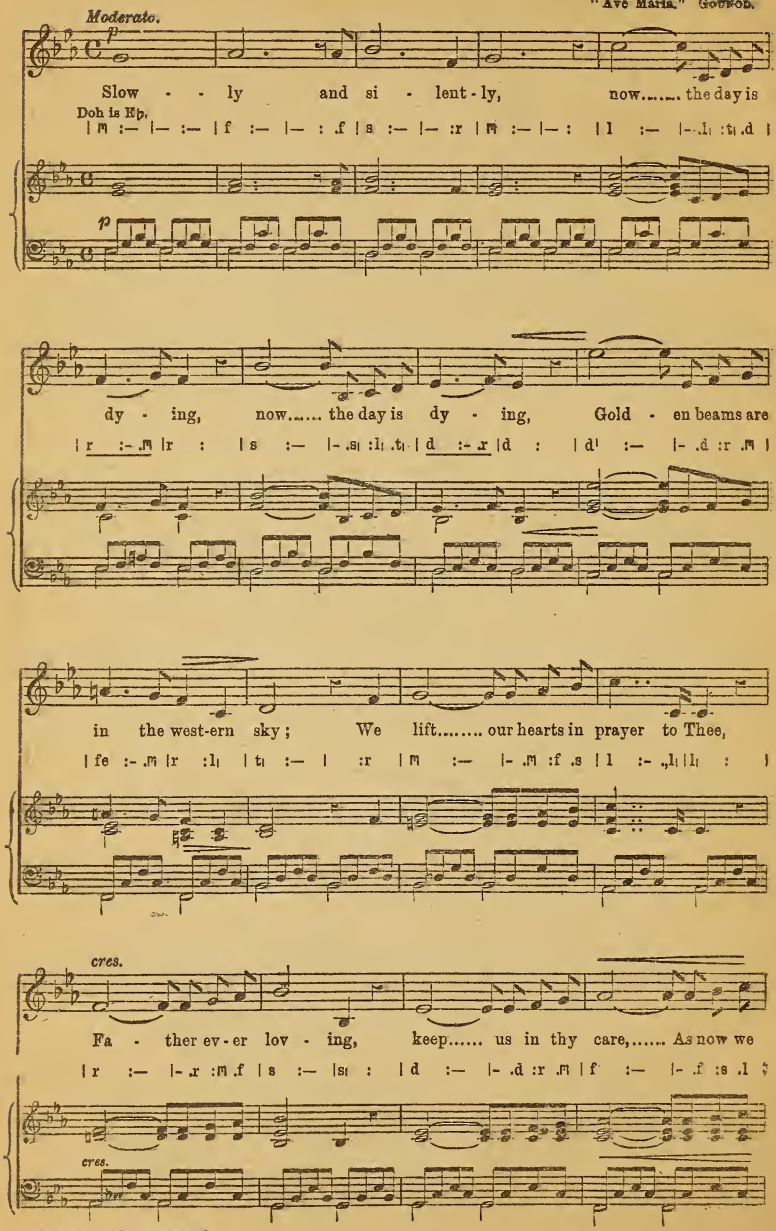
By Valley and Forest.

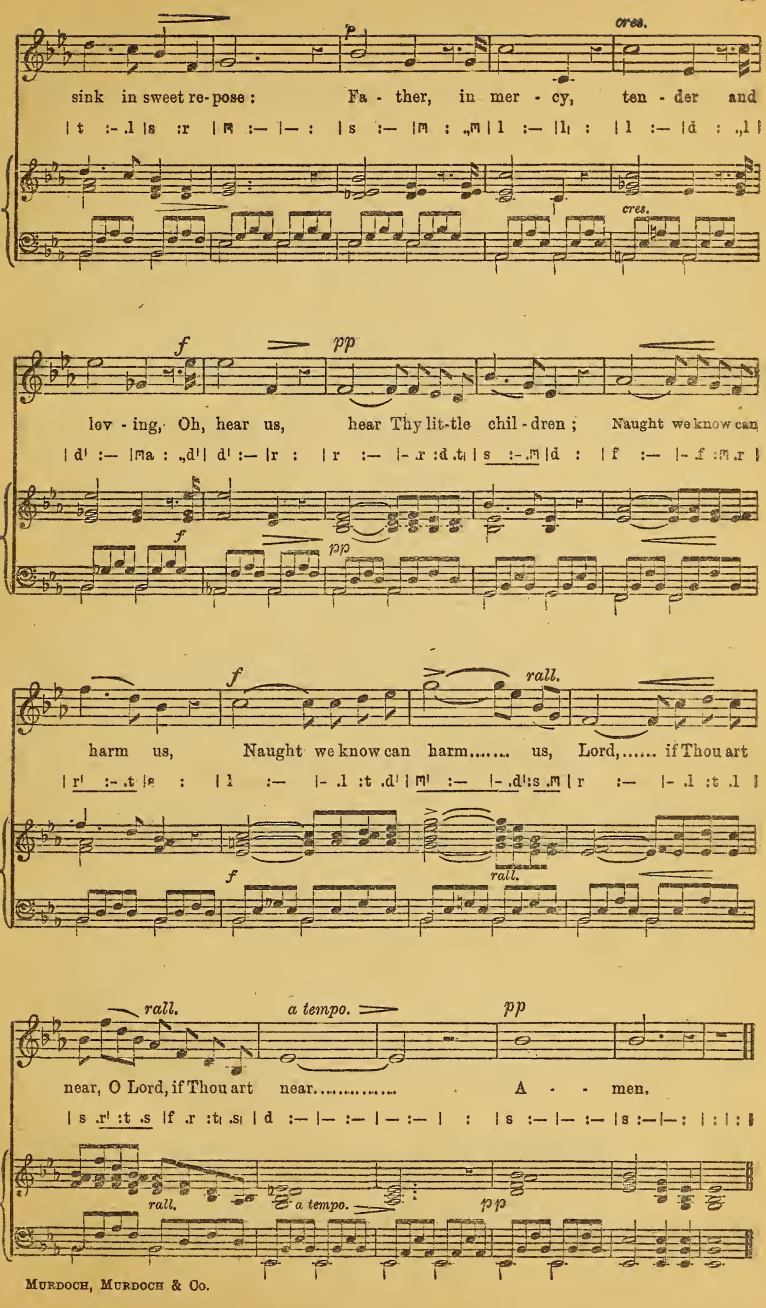
Arranged from the Duet, "Per Valli per Boschi." BLANCHINI.

Allegretto.
p
1. By val-ley and for-est May bree-zes are blow-ing; Blue
2. Sweet ro-ses are bloom-ing this hap-py, gay springtime, And
Doh is A.
p Allegretto.
cres.
flow-ers are peep-ing, the young grass is grow-ing, All na-ture is
maid-ens now wel-come the com ing of ring-time; The squir-rel is
cres.
f
joy-ful, and birds sing to-ge-ther, The wood-lands re-e-cho with
leap-ing, the cuc-koo is sing-ing, And swal-lows flit gai-ly the
f


their glad song, The wood-lands re - e - cho with their glad song.
live - long day, And swal - lows flit gai - ly the live - long day.
By
p
val-ley and for-est May breez-es gen-tly blow, And flow-ers are peeping; Come,
f
p
cres.
to the woods we'll go! May breez-es gen-tly blow! Come, to the woods we'll go, we'll
go, we'll go! Come, to the woods we'll go!
rall.

Evening Prayer.

"Ave Maria." GOUNOD.

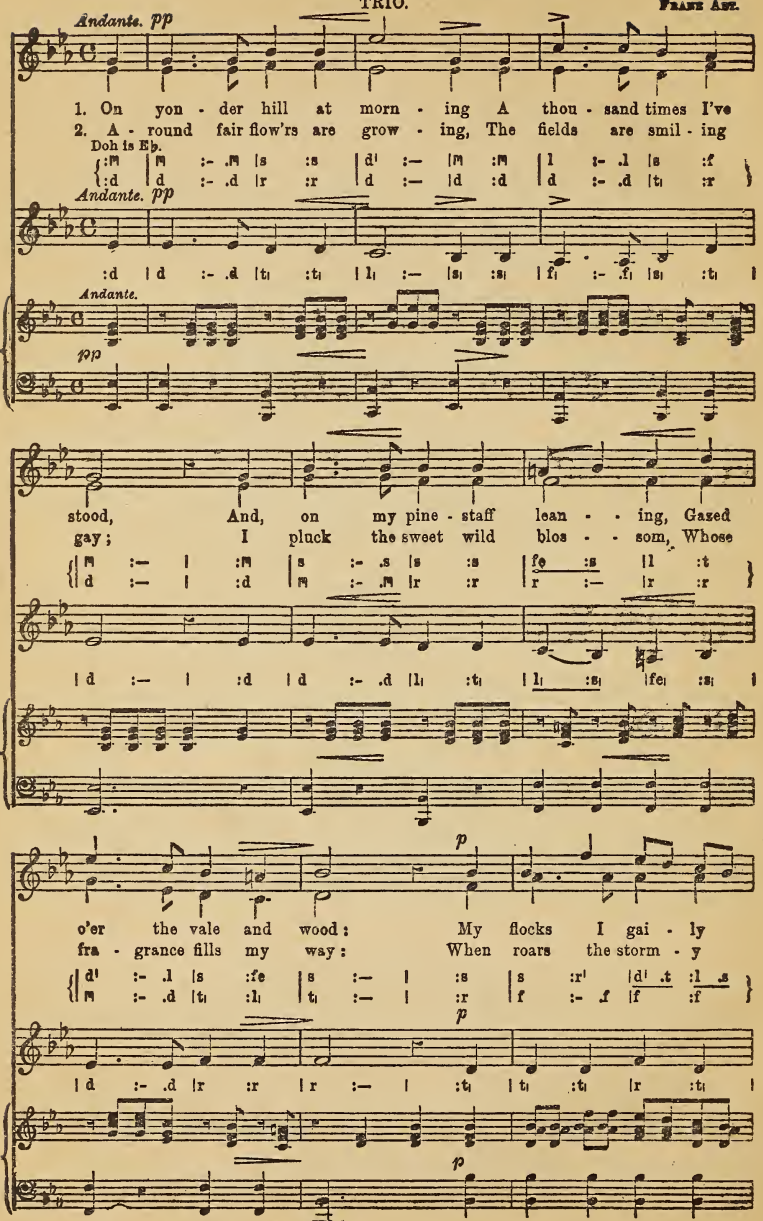
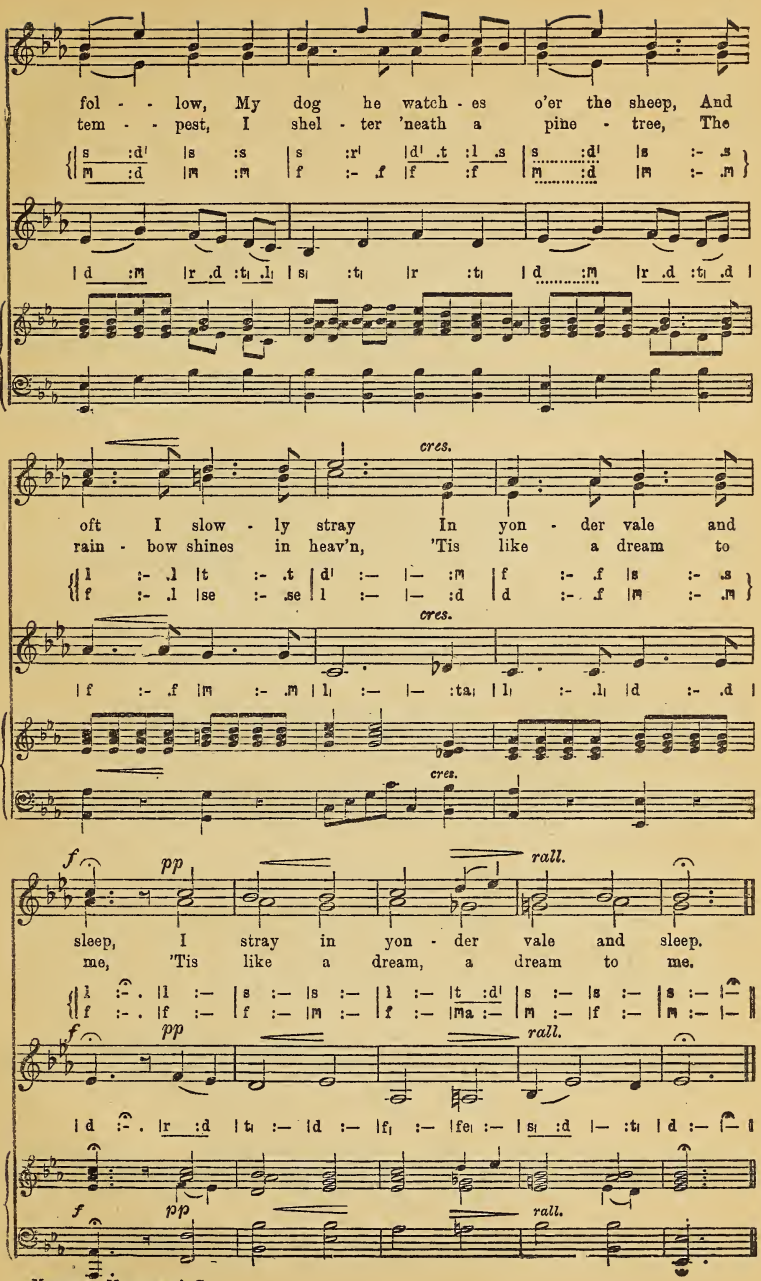

Moderato.
p
Slow - - ly and si - lent - ly, now..... the day is
Doh is E♭.
dy - ing, now..... the day is dy - ing, Gold - en beams are
in the west-ern sky; We lift..... our hearts in prayer to Thee,
cres.
Fa - ther ev - er lov - ing, keep..... us in thy care,..... As now we
cres.


cres.
sink in sweet re-pose: Fa - ther, in mer - cy, ten - der and
cres.
f pp
lov - ing, Oh, hear us, hear Thy lit-tle chil - dren; Naught we know can
f pp
f rall.
harm us, Naught we know can harm..... us, Lord,..... if Thou art
f rall.
rall. a tempo. pp
near, O Lord, if Thou art near..... A - - men.
rall. a tempo. pp

The Shepherd's Song.

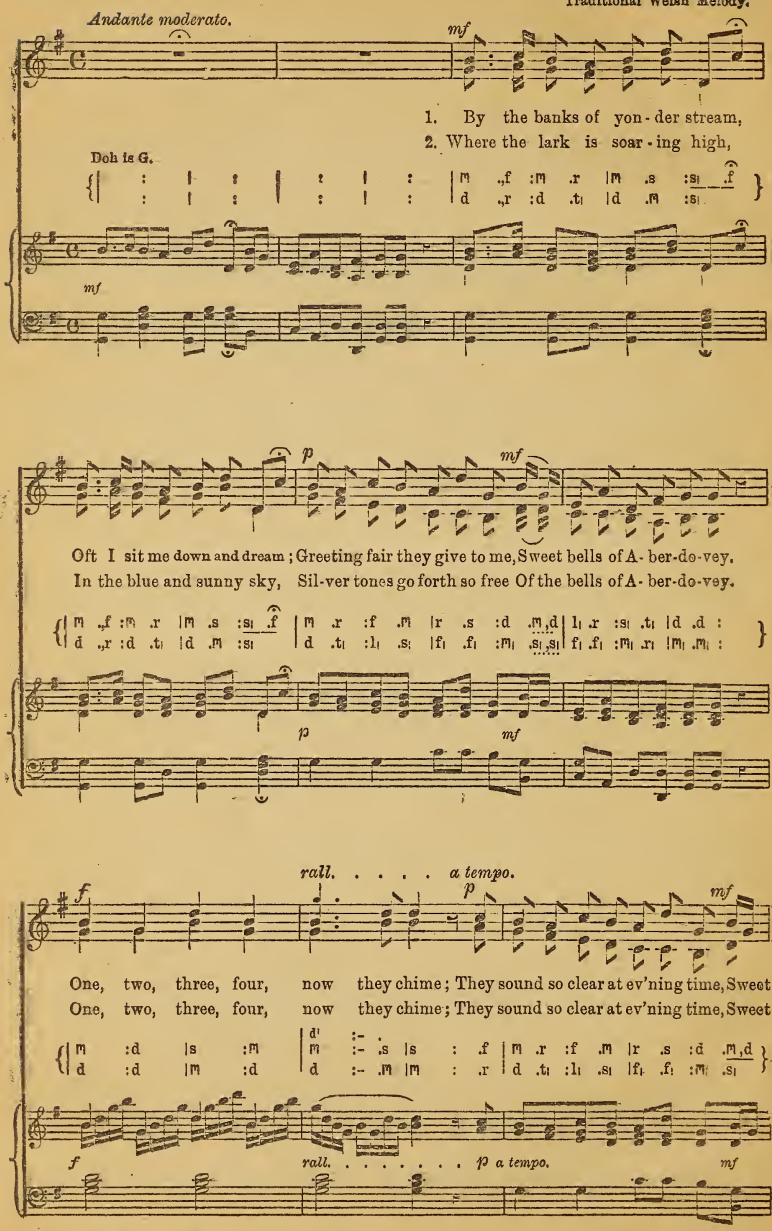
TRIO.

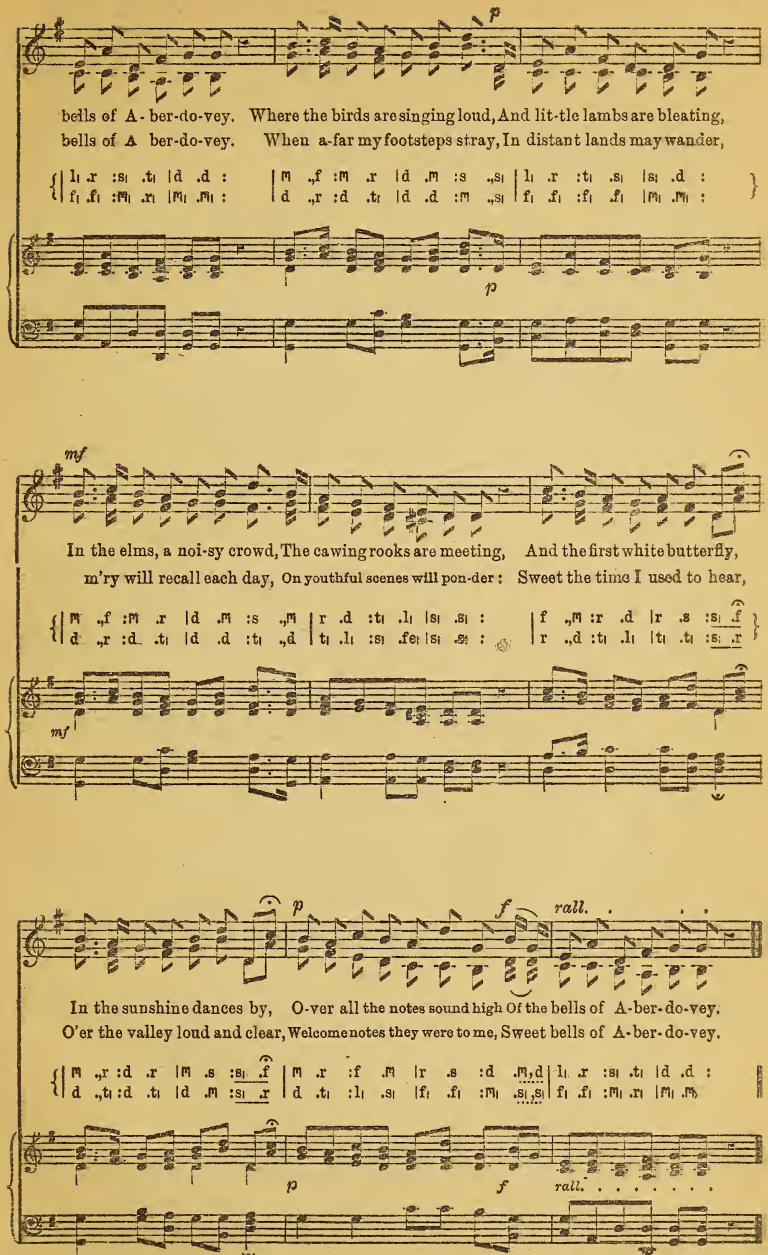
FRANZ ABT.


Andante. pp
1. On yon - der hill at morn - ing A thou - sand times I've
2. A - round fair flow'rs are grow - ing, The fields are smil - ing
Doh is E♭.
Andante. pp
Andante.
pp
stood, And, on my pine - staff lean - - ing, Gazed
gay; I pluck the sweet wild blos - - som, Whose
p
o'er the vale and wood: My flocks I gai - ly
fra - grance fills my way: When roars the storm - y
p
p

fol - - low, My dog he watch - es o'er the sheep, And
tem - - pest, I shel - ter 'neath a pine - tree, The
cres.
oft I slow - ly stray In yon - der vale and
rain - bow shines in heav'n, 'Tis like a dream to
cres.
cres.
f
pp
rall.
sleep, I stray in yon - der vale and sleep.
me, 'Tis like a dream, a dream to me.
f
pp
rall.
f
pp
rall.

The Bells of Aberdovey.

Traditional Welsh Melody.


Andante moderato.
mf
1. By the banks of yon - der stream,
2. Where the lark is soar - ing high,
Doh is G.
mf
p
mf
Oft I sit me down and dream; Greeting fair they give to me, Sweet bells of A - ber-do-vey.
In the blue and sunny sky, Sil-ver tones go forth so free Of the bells of A - ber-do-vey.
p
mf
rall. . . . . a tempo.
f
p
mf
One, two, three, four, now they chime; They sound so clear at ev'ning time, Sweet
One, two, three, four, now they chime; They sound so clear at ev'ning time, Sweet
f
rall. . . . . p a tempo.
mf


bells of A - ber-do-vey. Where the birds are singing loud, And lit-tle lambs are bleating,
bells of A ber-do-vey. When a-far my footsteps stray, In distant lands may wander,
In the elms, a noi-sy crowd, The cawing rooks are meeting, And the first white butterfly,
m'ry will recall each day, On youthful scenes will pon-der: Sweet the time I used to hear,
In the sunshine dances by, O-ver all the notes sound high Of the bells of A-ber-do-vey.
O'er the valley loud and clear, Welcome notes they were to me, Sweet bells of A-ber-do-vey.
rall.

Ye Gentle Warblers!

Old English Melody.

f Moderato.

1. Ye gen - tle war - blers, hi - ther fly, And shun the noon - tide
   My shrubs a cool - ing shade sup ply, My groves a safe re -
2. Sweet night-in - gale, oh quit thy haunt, Yon dis - tant woods a -
   And round my friend - ly grot - to chant Thy sad - ly pleas - ing

Doh is F.

p

Repeat. mf

heat,.....
- treat;.....
- mong,.....
song:.....

Here free - ly hop from spray to spray, And
For you these cher - ries I pro - tect, To

Repeat. mf

mf

p

weave the mos - sy nest,.....
you these trees be - long;.....

Here rove and sing the
Sweet is the fruit that

p

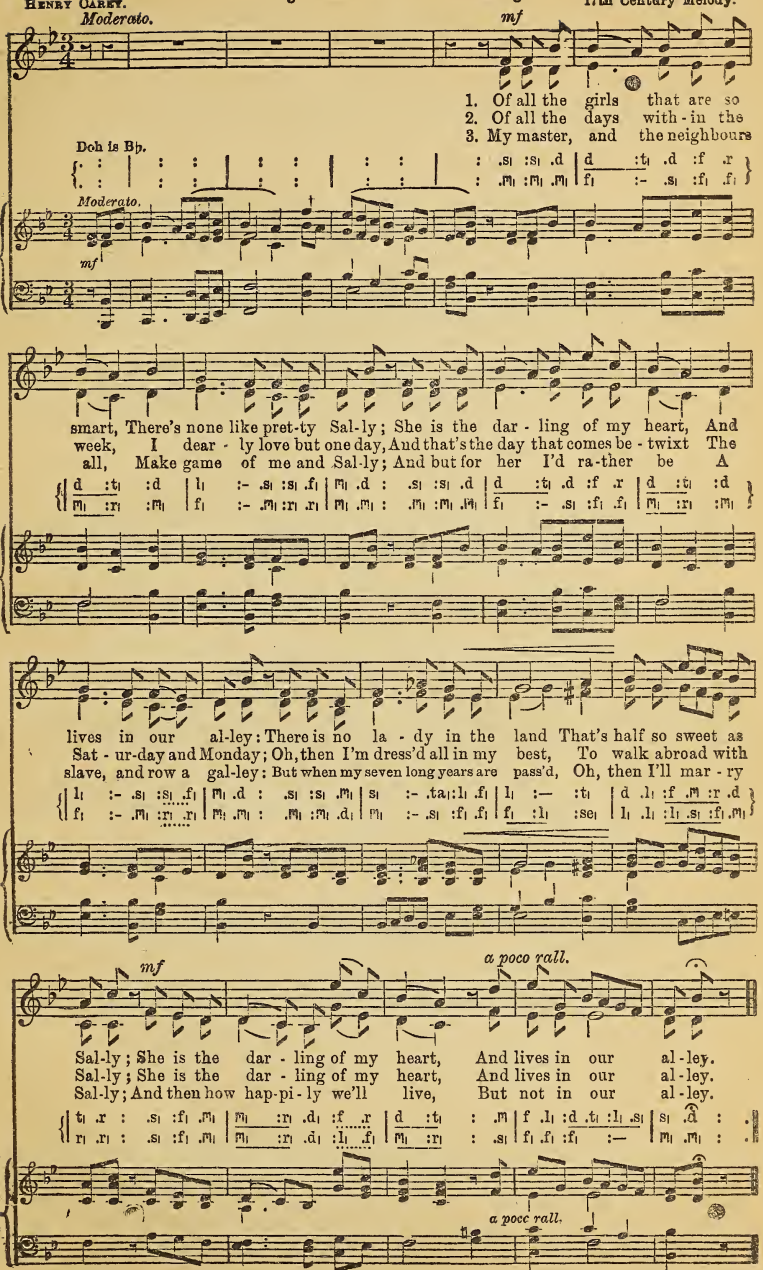
rall.

live - long day, At night here sweet - ly rest.....
you have peck'd, But sweet - er far your song.....

rall.

Sally in our Alley.

HENRY CAREY. *Moderato.* 17th Century Melody.


mf
1. Of all the girls that are so
2. Of all the days with-in the
3. My master, and the neighbours
Doh is B♭.
Moderato.
mf
smart, There's none like pret-ty Sal-ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And
week, I dear - ly love but one day, And that's the day that comes be - twixt The
all, Make game of me and Sal-ly; And but for her I'd ra-ther be A
lives in our al-ley: There is no la - dy in the land That's half so sweet as
Sat - ur-day and Monday; Oh, then I'm dress'd all in my best, To walk abroad with
slave, and row a gal-ley: But when my seven long years are pass'd, Oh, then I'll mar - ry
mf
a poco rall.
Sal-ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley.
Sal-ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley.
Sal-ly; And then how hap-pi-ly we'll live, But not in our al-ley.
a poco rall.

I Love to Roam in the Morning.

G. B. Allen.

Arranged from the Part-Song, "I love my Love in the Morning."

mf

1. I love to roam in the
2. I love to roam in the

Doh is G.

Allegretto.

mf *mf*

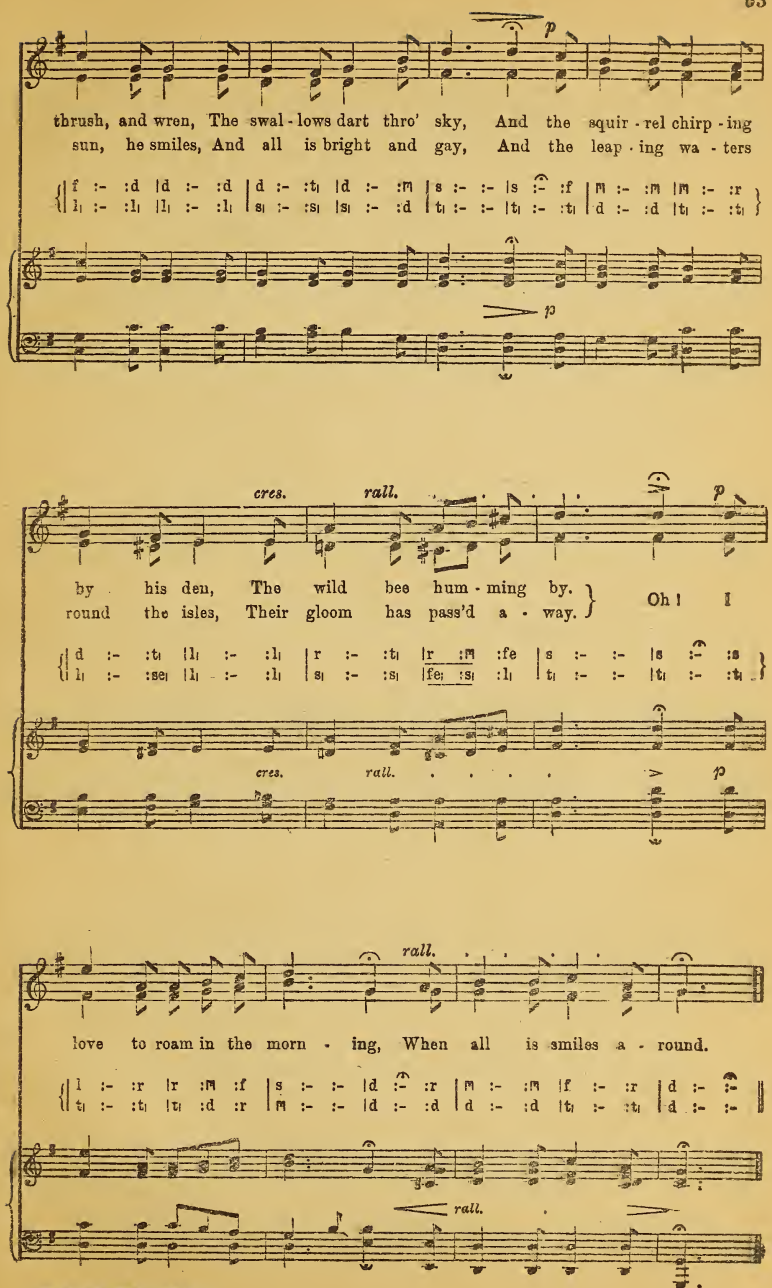
morn - ing, When all is smiles a - round, a-round, And when the deep blue
morn - ing, And rest be-neath a tree, a tree, When smiles the flow'rs, and

f

sky looks glad, And flow - 'rets fill the ground: Sweet notes from black-bird,
smiles the brook That rip - ples to the sea; And then the glo - rious

f

Murdoch, Murdoch & Co.


p
thrush, and wren, The swal - lows dart thro' sky, And the squir - rel chirp - ing
sun, he smiles, And all is bright and gay, And the leap - ing wa - ters
cres.
rall.
p
by his den, The wild bee hum - ming by.
round the isles, Their gloom has pass'd a - way.
Oh! I
cres.
rall.
p
rall.
love to roam in the morn - ing, When all is smiles a - round.
rall.

Afton Water.

ROBERT BURNS. Scottish Melody.

Andante. *p*

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gen-tly, I'll
2. How lof-ty, sweet Af-ton, thy neighbour-ing hills, Far mark'd with the
3. How pleasant thy banks and green val-leys be-low, Where wild in the

Doh is E.

:s, | d :m :r .d | r .m :f :m .r | d :m :r .d | d :t, :s, | d :m :r .d |

Andante. *p*

mf

sing thee a song in thy praise: My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy
cours-es of clear, wind-ing rills! There dai-ly I wan-der as
wood-lands the prim-ro-ses blow; Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton, how

| r .m :s :d' .l | s :f .m :r .m | d' :— :s .l | ta :d' .ta :l .s | s :l :d' |

p *rall.*

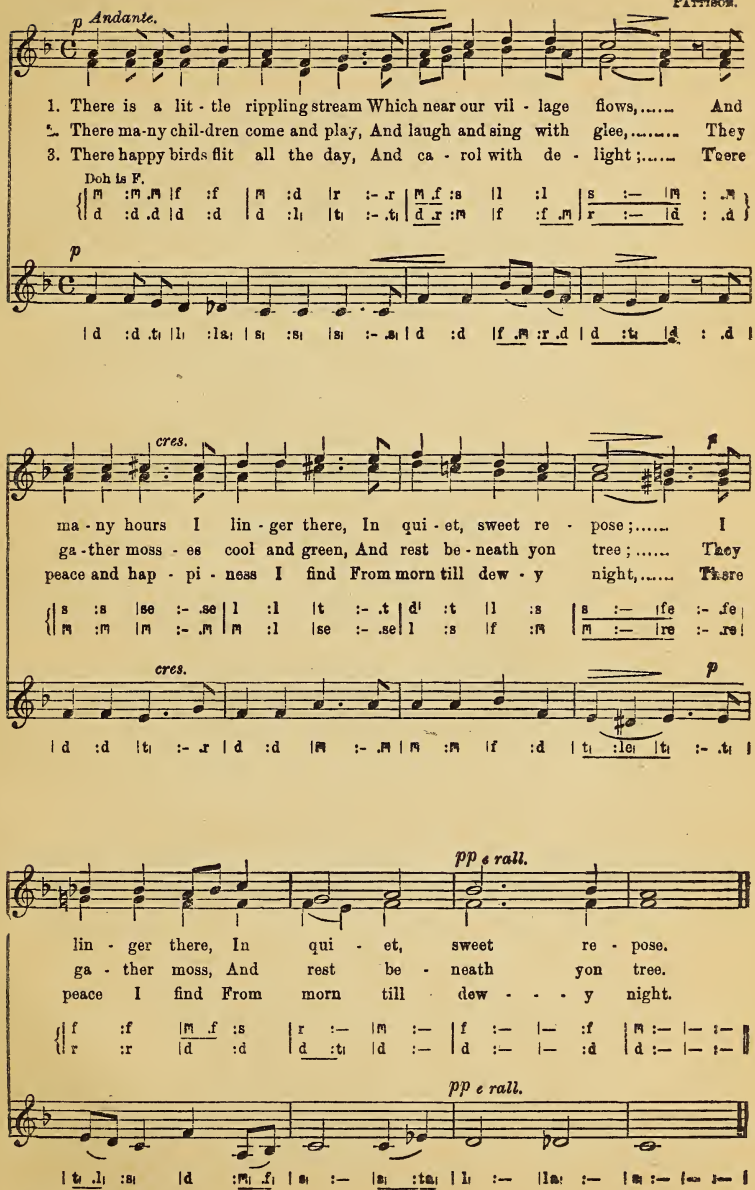
mur-mur-ing stream: Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.
morn ri-ses high, My flocks and my Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye.
love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my Ma-ry re-sides!

| d' :m :r .d | d :t, :s, | d :m :r .d | r .m :s :d' .l | s :f .m :r .m | d :— |

p *rall.*

The Streamlet.

UNACCOMPANIED TRIO.

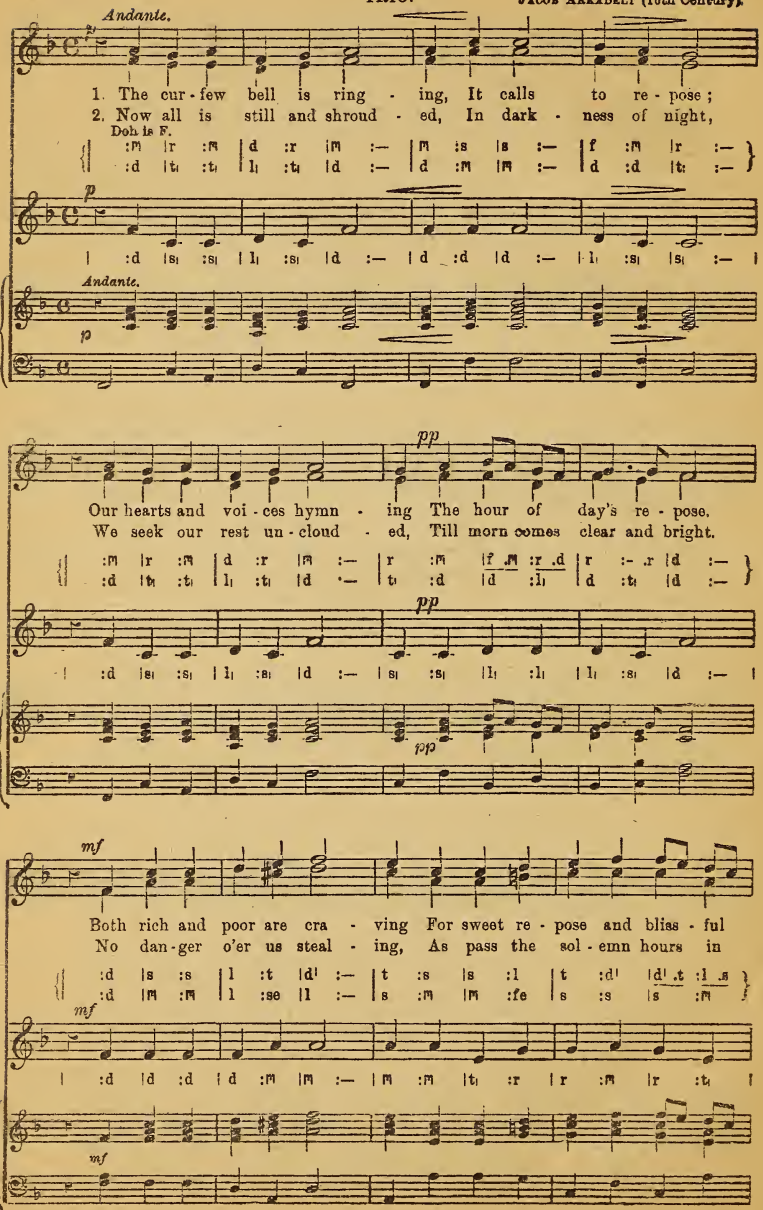
PATTISON.

p Andante.
1. There is a lit - tle rippling stream Which near our vil - lage flows, ... And
2. There ma-ny chil-dren come and play, And laugh and sing with glee, ... They
3. There happy birds flit all the day, And ca - rol with de - light; ..... There
Doh is F.
cres.
ma - ny hours I lin - ger there, In qui - et, sweet re - pose; I
ga - ther moss - es cool and green, And rest be - neath yon tree; ..... They
peace and hap - pi - ness I find From morn till dew - y night, ... There
cres.
pp e rall.
lin - ger there, In qui - et, sweet re - pose.
ga - ther moss, And rest be - neath yon tree.
peace I find From morn till dew - - - y night.
pp e rall.

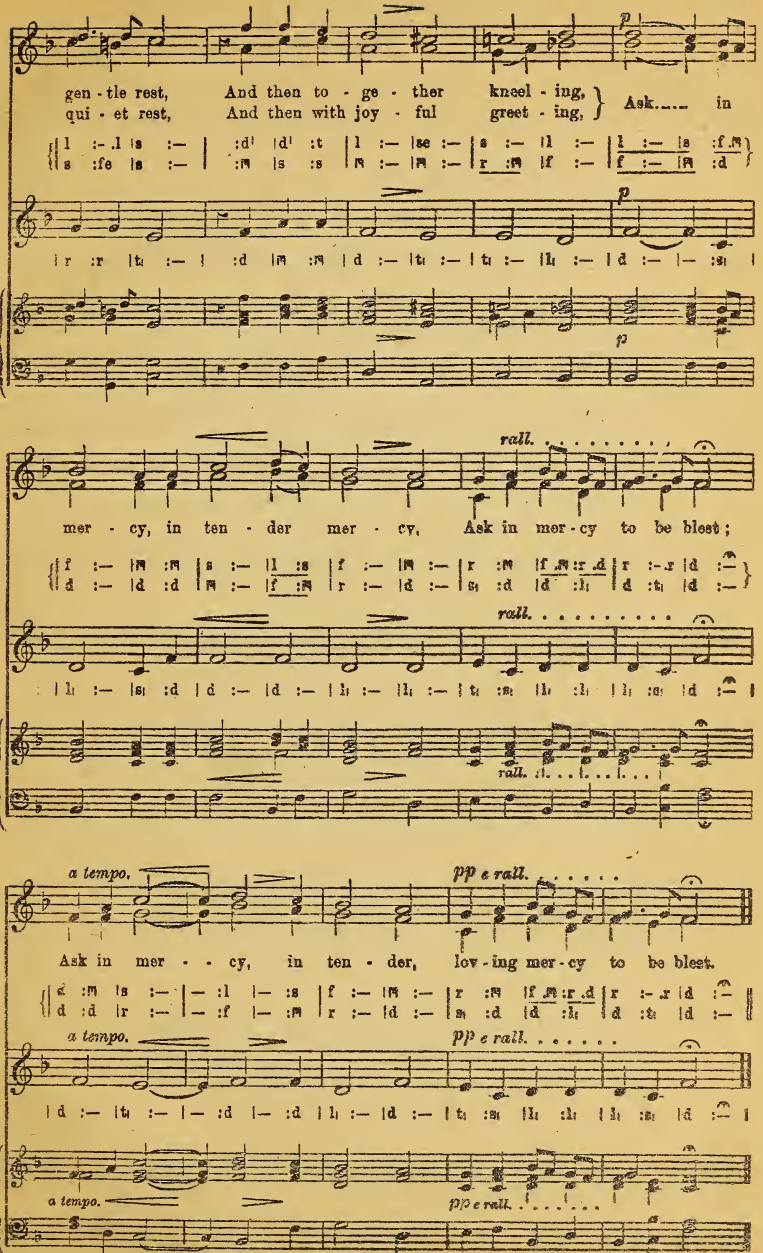
MURDOCH, MURDOCH & CO.

The Curfew Bell is Ringing.

TRIO.

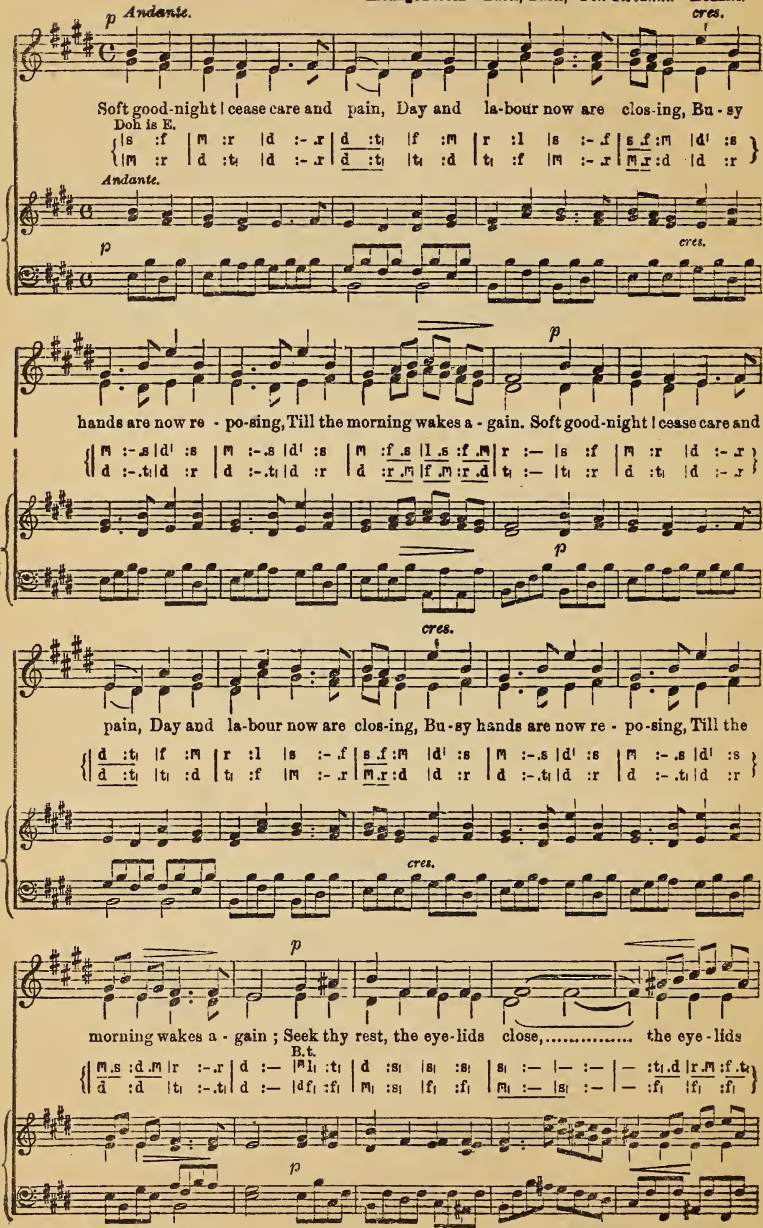
JACOB ARKADELT (16th Century).

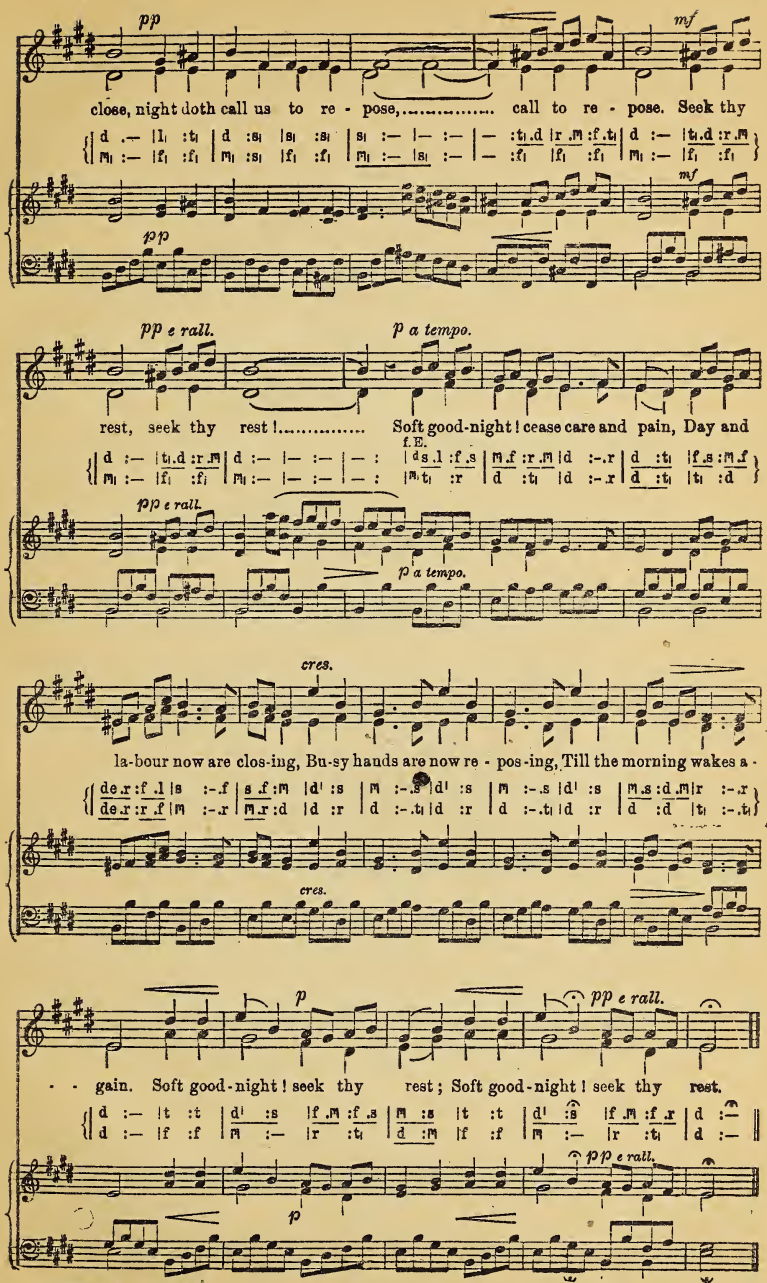

Andante.
1. The cur - few bell is ring - ing, It calls to re - pose;
2. Now all is still and shroud - ed, In dark - ness of night,
Doh is F.
p
Andante.
p
pp
Our hearts and voi - ces hymn - ing The hour of day's re - pose.
We seek our rest un - cloud - ed, Till morn comes clear and bright.
pp
pp
mf
Both rich and poor are cra - ving For sweet re - pose and bliss - ful
No dan - ger o'er us steal - ing, As pass the sol - emn hours in
mf
mf


gen - tle rest, And then to - ge - ther kneel - ing,
qui - et rest, And then with joy - ful greet - ing,
Ask..... in
mer - cy, in ten - der mer - cy, Ask in mer - cy to be blest;
rall.
a tempo.
pp e rall.
Ask in mer - - cy, in ten - der, lov - ing mer - cy to be blest.

Good-Night !

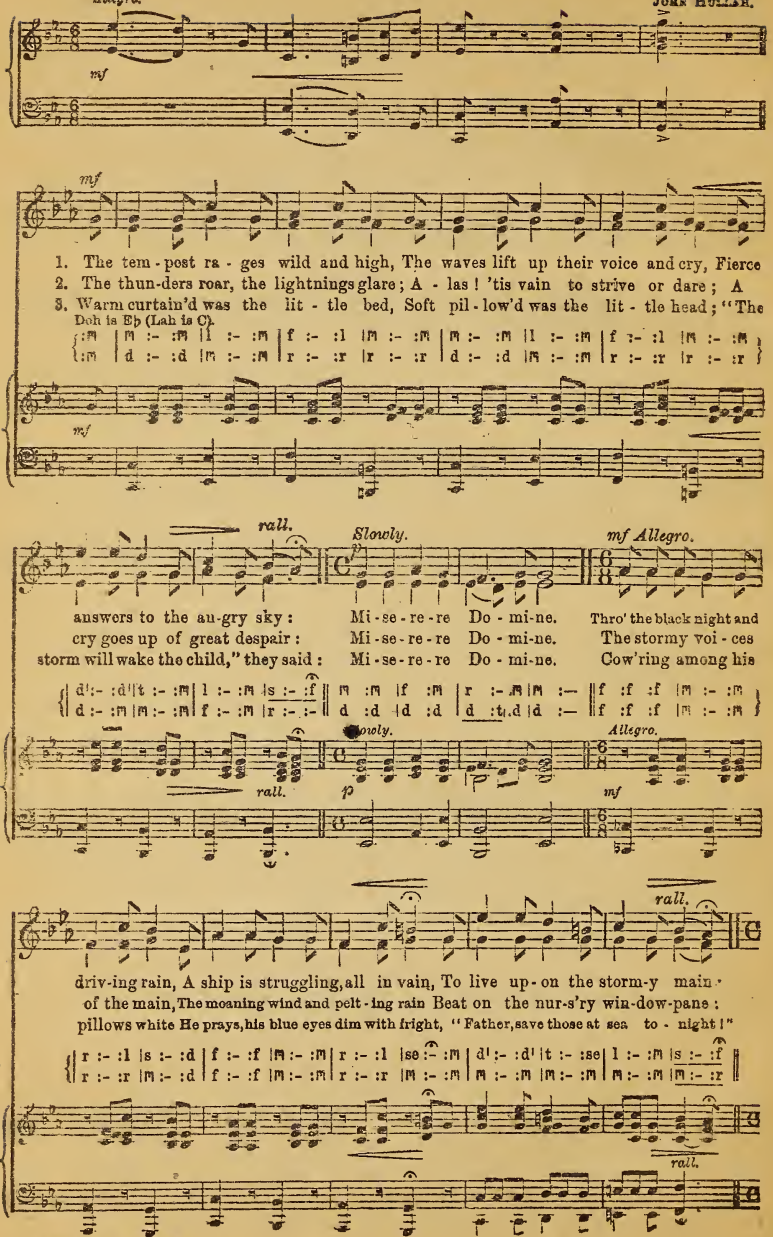
Arranged from "Batti, Batti," *Don Giovanni.* MOZART.


p Andante.
cres.
Soft good-night ! cease care and pain, Day and la-bour now are clos-ing, Bu-sy
Doh is E.
Andante.
p
cres.
p
hands are now re - po-sing, Till the morning wakes a - gain. Soft good-night ! cease care and
p
cres.
pain, Day and la-bour now are clos-ing, Bu-sy hands are now re - po-sing, Till the
cres.
p
morning wakes a - gain ; Seek thy rest, the eye-lids close,..... the eye-lids
B.t.
p

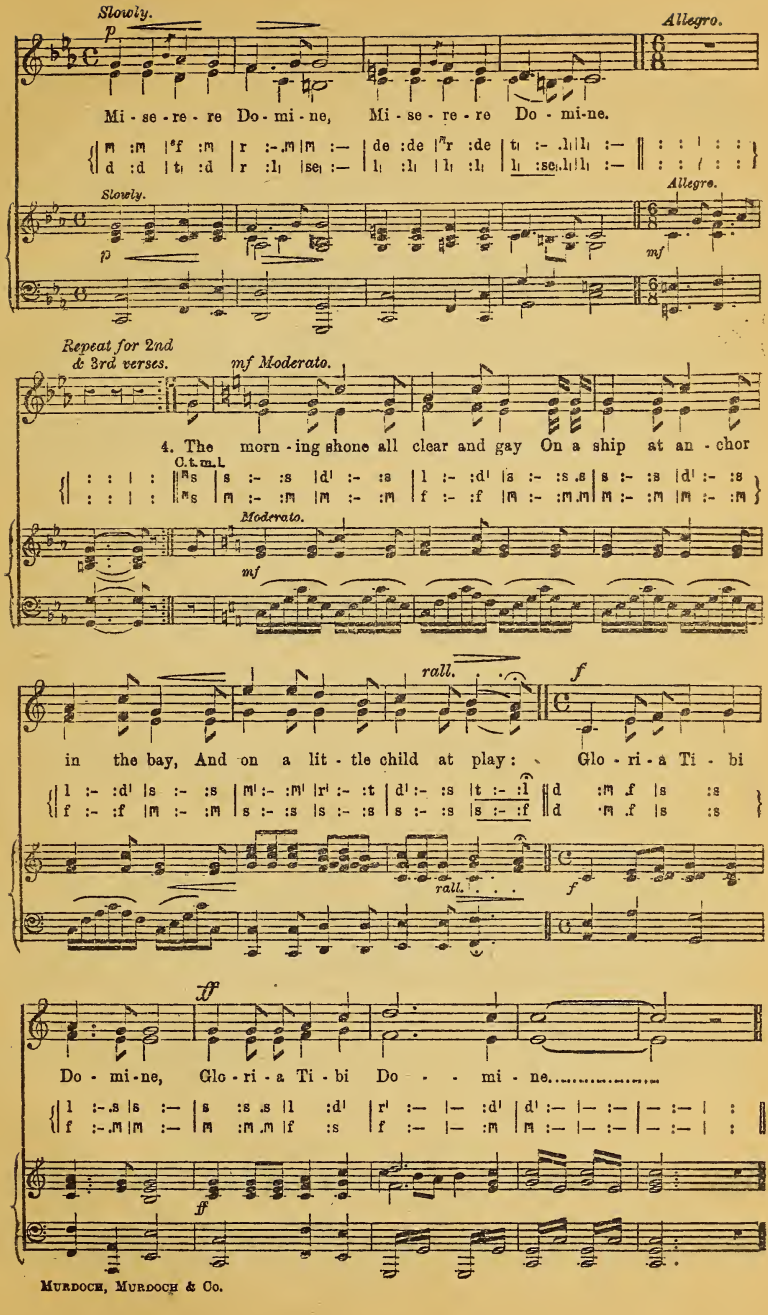

pp
mf
close, night doth call us to re - pose,..... call to re - pose. Seek thy
mf
pp
pp e rall.
p a tempo.
rest, seek thy rest!..... Soft good-night! cease care and pain, Day and
f.E.
pp e rall.
p a tempo.
cres.
la-bour now are clos-ing, Bu-sy hands are now re - pos-ing, Till the morning wakes a -
cres.
p
pp e rall.
- - gain. Soft good-night! seek thy rest; Soft good-night! seek thy rest.
pp e rall.
p

The Storm.

ADELAIDE PROCTER. *Allegro.* JOHN HULLAH.


mf
1. The tem - post ra - ges wild and high, The waves lift up their voice and cry, Fierce
2. The thun-ders roar, the lightnings glare; A - las! 'tis vain to strive or dare; A
3. Warm curtain'd was the lit - tle bed, Soft pil - low'd was the lit - tle head; "The
Doh is E♭ (Lah is C).
rall.
Slowly.
mf Allegro.
answers to the au-gry sky: Mi-se-re-re Do - mi-ne. Thro' the black night and
cry goes up of great despair: Mi-se-re-re Do - mi-ne. The stormy voi - ces
storm will wake the child," they said: Mi-se-re-re Do - mi-ne. Cow'ring among his
Slowly.
Allegro.
rall.
p
mf
rall.
driv-ing rain, A ship is struggling, all in vain, To live up-on the storm-y main -
of the main, The moaning wind and pelt-ing rain Beat on the nur-s'ry win-dow-pane:
pillows white He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright, "Father, save those at sea to - night!"
rall.

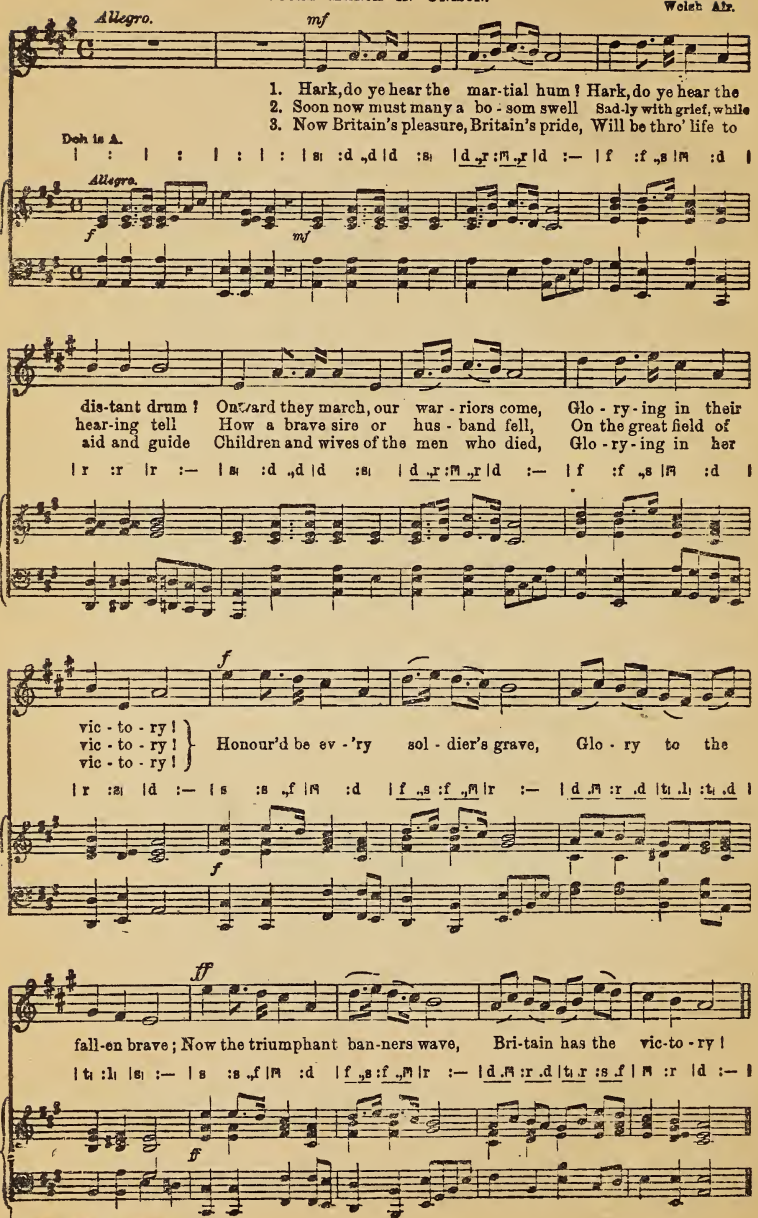
MURDOCH, MURDOCH & Co.


Slowly.
p
Allegro.
Mi - se - re - re Do - mi - ne, Mi - se - re - re Do - mi-ne.
Slowly.
Allegro.
p
mf
Repeat for 2nd & 3rd verses.
mf Moderato.
4. The morn - ing shone all clear and gay On a ship at an - chor
C.t.m.l
Moderato.
mf
rall.
f
in the bay, And on a lit - tle child at play: Glo - ri - a Ti - bi
rall.
f
ff
Do - mi-ne, Glo - ri - a Ti - bi Do - - mi - ne.
ff

Captain Morgan's War March.

VOCAL MARCH IN UNISON.

Welsh Air.


Allegro.
mf
1. Hark, do ye hear the mar-tial hum ! Hark, do ye hear the
2. Soon now must many a bo - som swell Sad-ly with grief, while
3. Now Britain's pleasure, Britain's pride, Will be thro' life to
Doh is A.
Allegro.
f
mf
dis-tant drum ! Onward they march, our war - riors come, Glo - ry - ing in their
hear-ing tell How a brave sire or hus - band fell, On the great field of
aid and guide Children and wives of the men who died, Glo - ry - ing in her
f
vic - to - ry !
vic - to - ry !
vic - to - ry !
Honour'd be ev - 'ry sol - dier's grave, Glo - ry to the
ff
fall-en brave ; Now the triumphant ban-ners wave, Bri-tain has the vic-to - ry !

Early one Morning.

Altered Words. Old English Melody.

mf Moderato.

1. Ear - ly one morning, just as the sun was ris - ing, I heard a maid sing in the
2. Ga-ther'd in mea-dow and on the pretty hill-side,'Tis kiss'd by the sun and 'tis
3. Where will you find such a sweet and lovely flow - er, As this which I bring to your

Doh is F.

Moderato.

mf

p

val - ley be - low · wa - ter'd by heav'n. door ev-'ry year!" "Who'll buy my lav - en - der! fresh - gather'd lav - en - der!

p

mf

Lav-en-der, three bunch-es a pen - ny, come buy! Who'll buy my lav - en - der!

mf

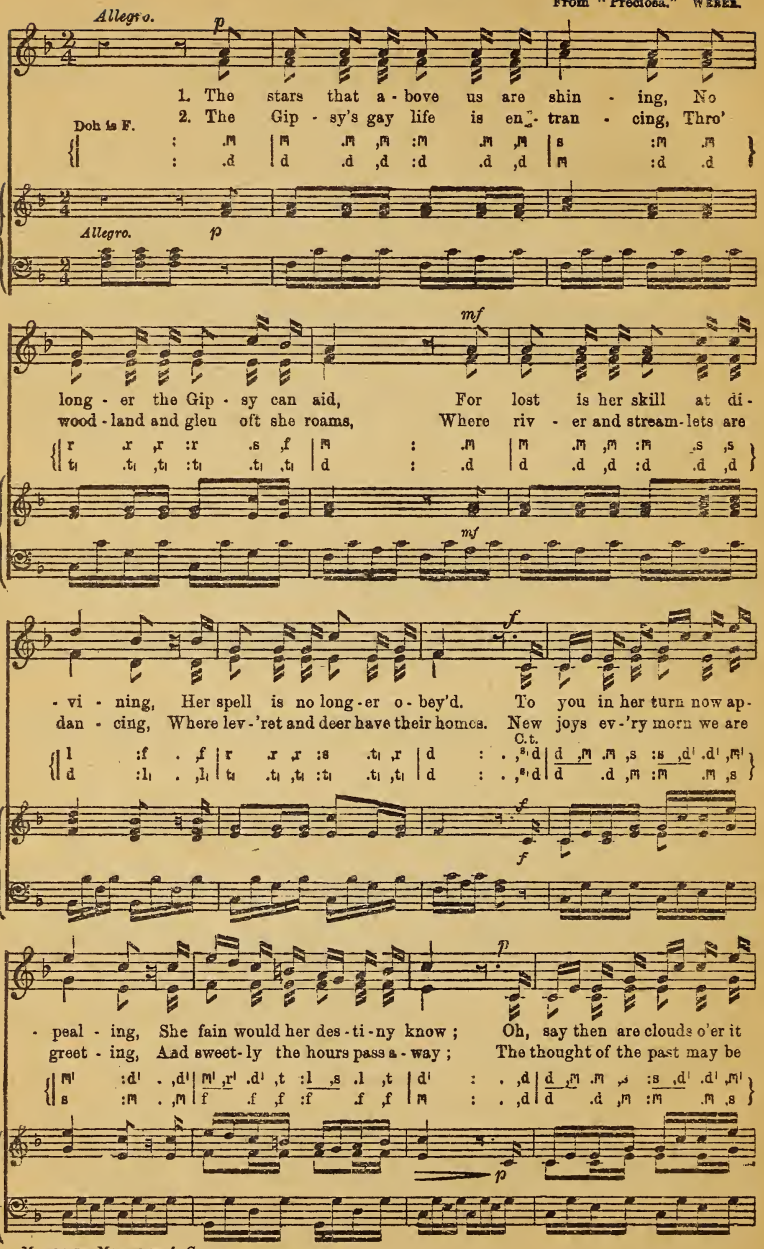
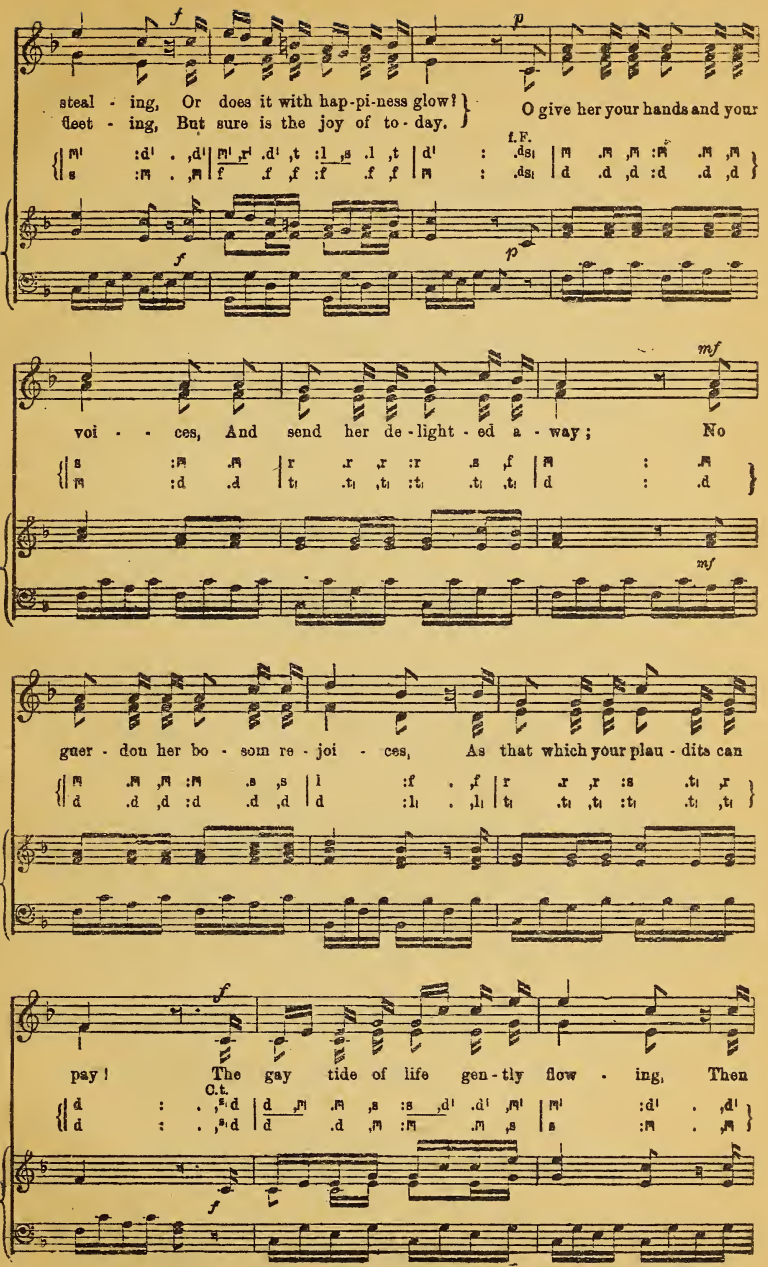
p *f* *rall.*

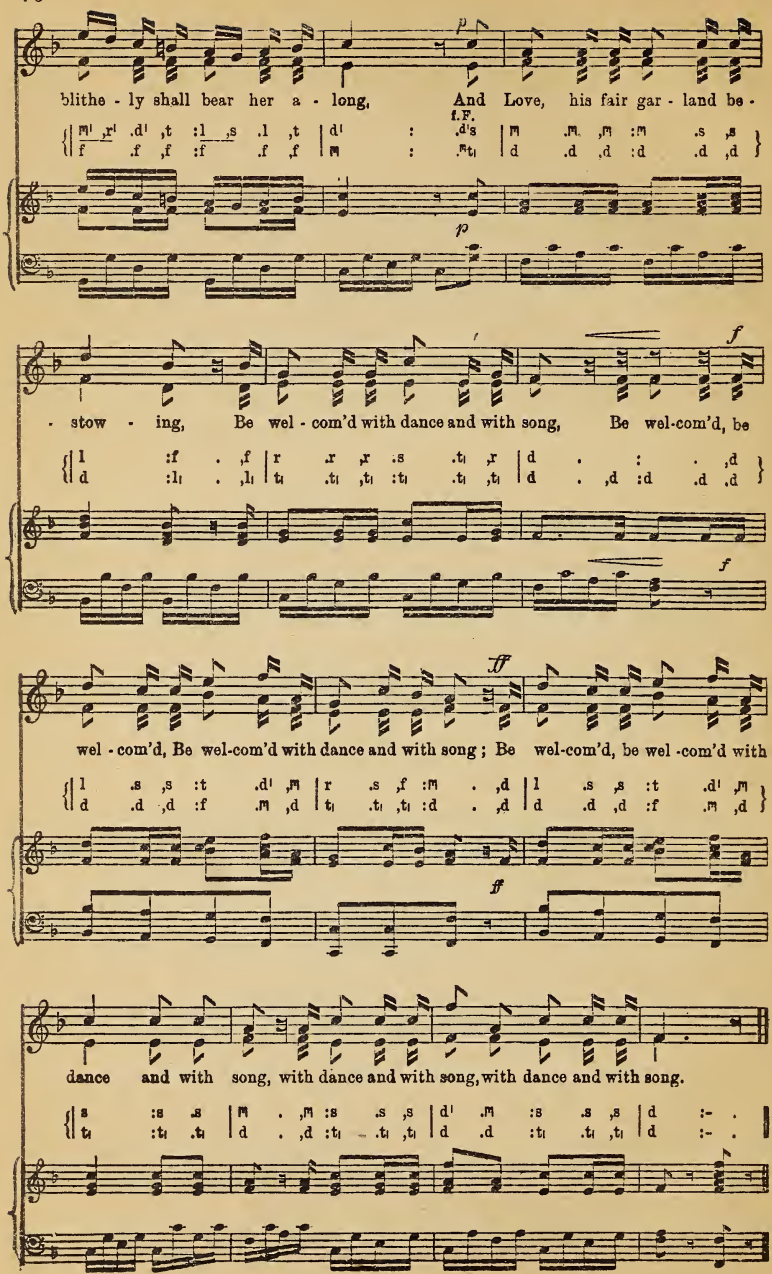
fresh - ga-ther'd lav-en - der! Lav-en-der, three bunch - es a pen - ny, come buy!"

p *f* *rall.*

Gipsy Chorus.

From "Preciosa." WEBER.


Allegro.
p
1. The stars that a - bove us are shin - ing, No
2. The Gip - sy's gay life is en - tran - cing, Thro'
Doh is F.
Allegro.
p
mf
long - er the Gip - sy can aid, For lost is her skill at di -
wood - land and glen oft she roams, Where riv - er and stream-lets are
mf
f
- vi - ning, Her spell is no long - er o - bey'd. To you in her turn now ap -
dan - cing, Where lev - 'ret and deer have their homes. New joys ev - 'ry morn we are
C.t.
f
f
p
- peal - ing, She fain would her des - ti - ny know; Oh, say then are clouds o'er it
greet - ing, And sweet - ly the hours pass a - way; The thought of the past may be
p

steal - ing, Or does it with hap-pi-ness glow?
fleet - ing, But sure is the joy of to - day.
O give her your hands and your
f.F.
voi - - ces, And send her de - light - ed a - way;
No
guer - don her bo - som re - joi - ces,
As that which your plau - dits can
pay!
The gay tide of life gen - tly flow - ing,
Then
C.t.


blithe - ly shall bear her a - long, And Love, his fair gar - land be -
f.F.
- stow - ing, Be wel - com'd with dance and with song, Be wel-com'd, be
wel - com'd, Be wel-com'd with dance and with song; Be wel-com'd, be wel -com'd with
dance and with song, with dance and with song, with dance and with song.

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

mf Moderato. Traditional.

1. There was a youth, and a well-be-lov-ed youth, And he was a squire's son; He
2. When sev-en years had pass'd a-way She put on mean at-tire, And
3. "Give me a penny, thou pren-tice good, Re-lieve a maid for-lorn!" "Be-
4. "If she be dead, then take my horse, My saddle and bridle al-so, For

Doh is Eb.

:s .f |m :- .r |d :s .f |m .f :r .m |d :m .f |s :s .s |d' :d' |s :— |— :f .m |

mf

lov'd the bai-liff's daugh-ter dear, That liv'd in Is-ling-ton. But
straight to Lon-don she would go, A-bout him to in-quire: And
fore I give you a penny, sweetheart, Pray tell me where you were born." "Oh,
I will to some dis-tant land, Where no man shall me know." "O

|l :- .t |d' :t .l |s :- .f |m :d |m .r :d .r |d :t, |d :— | :s .f |

p *mf*

she was coy and nev-er would On him her heart be-stow, Till he was sent to
as she went a-long the road Thro' weather hot and dry, She rest-ed on a
I was born at Is-lington," "Then tell me if you know The bai-liff's daughter
stay, O stay, thou gal-lant youth, She standeth by thy side; She's here, a-live, she

|m :- .r |d :s .f |m .f :r .m |d :m .f |s :s |d' :d' |s :— |— :f .m |l :- .t |d' :t .l |

p

Lon-don town, Be-cause he lov'd her so.
grass-y load And her love came ri-ding by.
of that place," "She died, sir, long a-go!"
is not dead, But ready to be thy bride!"

|s :- .f |m :d |m .r :d .r |d :t, |d :— | : | : | : | : | : |

p

Hail, Smiling Morn.

Moderato. Hail,..... SPOFFORTH.

f

Hail, hail, smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn,..... That

Doh is C.

p *f*

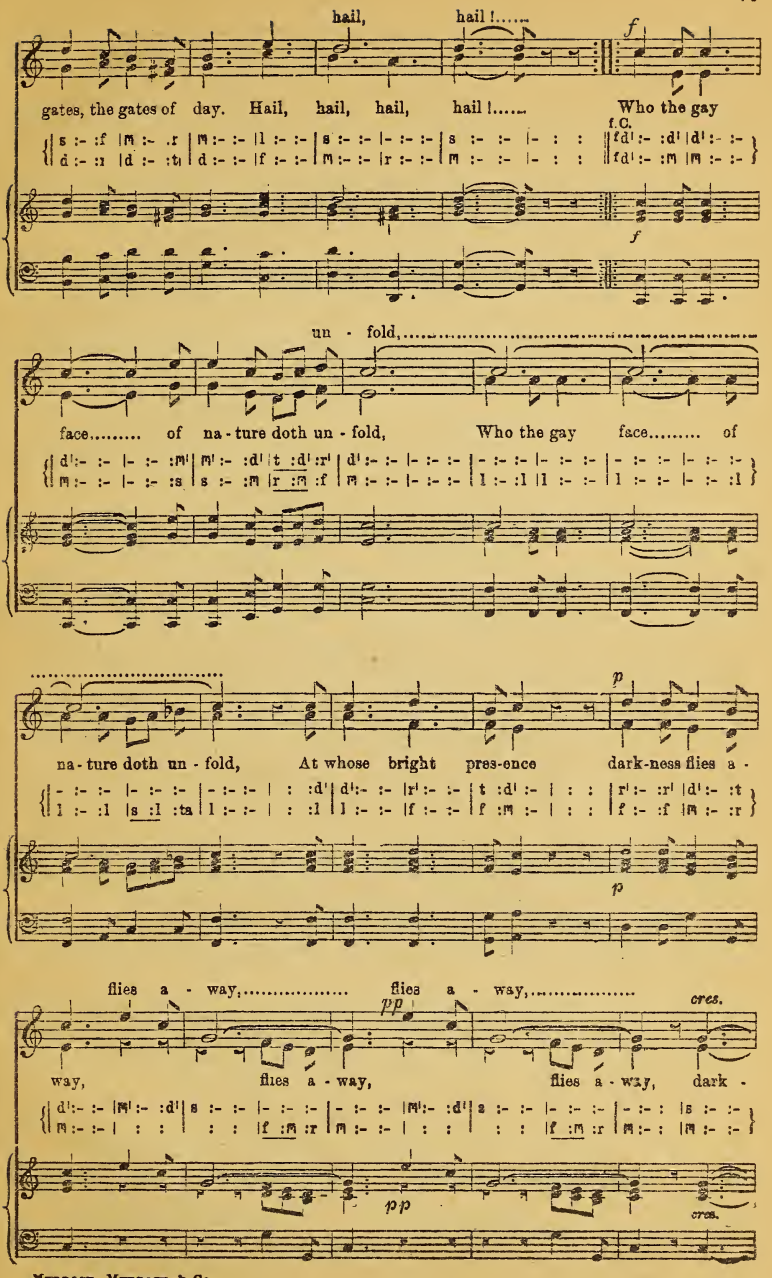
tips the hills with gold,..... that tips the hills with gold,..... Whose

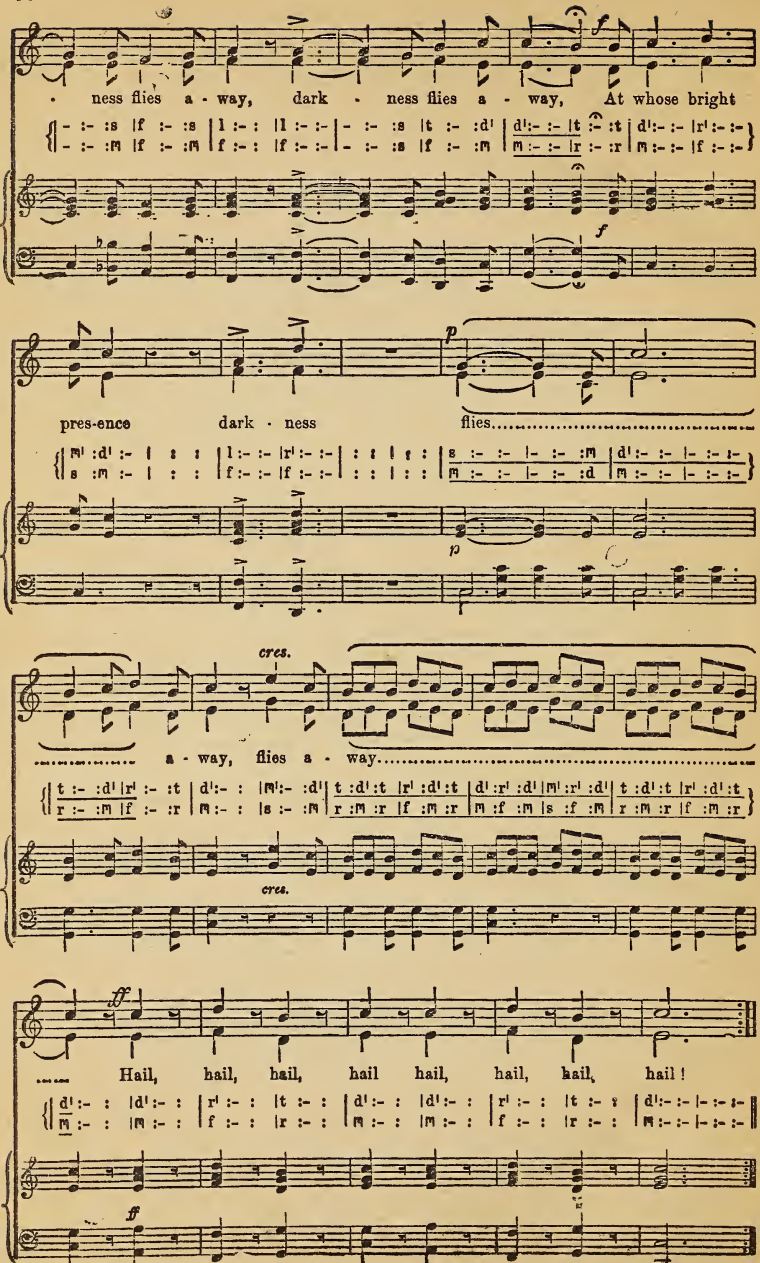
G.t.

p *f*

ro - sy fin-gers ope the gates of day,.....

ope the


hail, hail!.....
f
gates, the gates of day. Hail, hail, hail, hail!..... Who the gay
f.c.
un - fold,.....
face..... of na - ture doth un - fold, Who the gay face..... of
na - ture doth un - fold, At whose bright pres-ence dark-ness flies a -
p
flies a - way,..... flies a - way,.....
pp
cres.
way, flies a - way, flies a - way, dark -
pp
cres.


ness flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright
pres-ence dark - ness flies.....
cres.
a - way, flies a - way.....
cres.
Hail, hail, hail, hail hail, hail, hail, hail!

Sweet and Low.

TENNYSON. BARNBY.

pp Larghetto.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

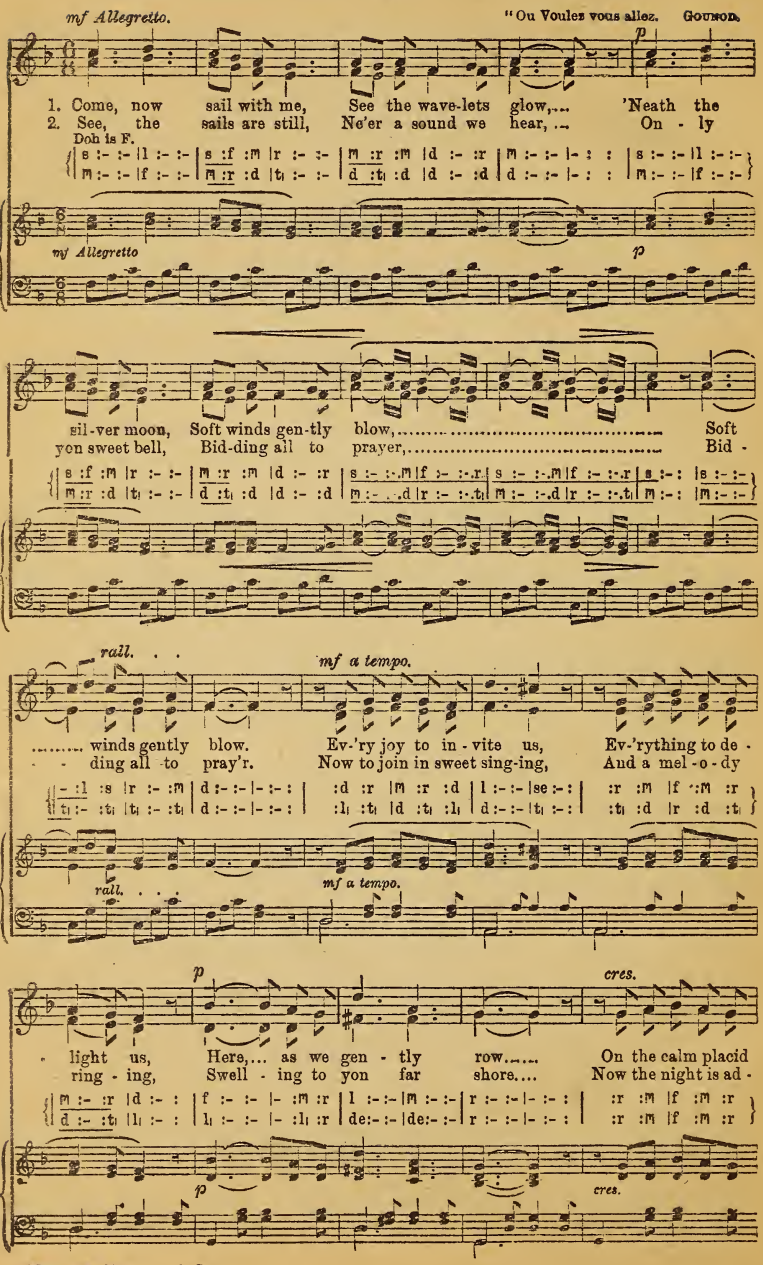
Doh is C.

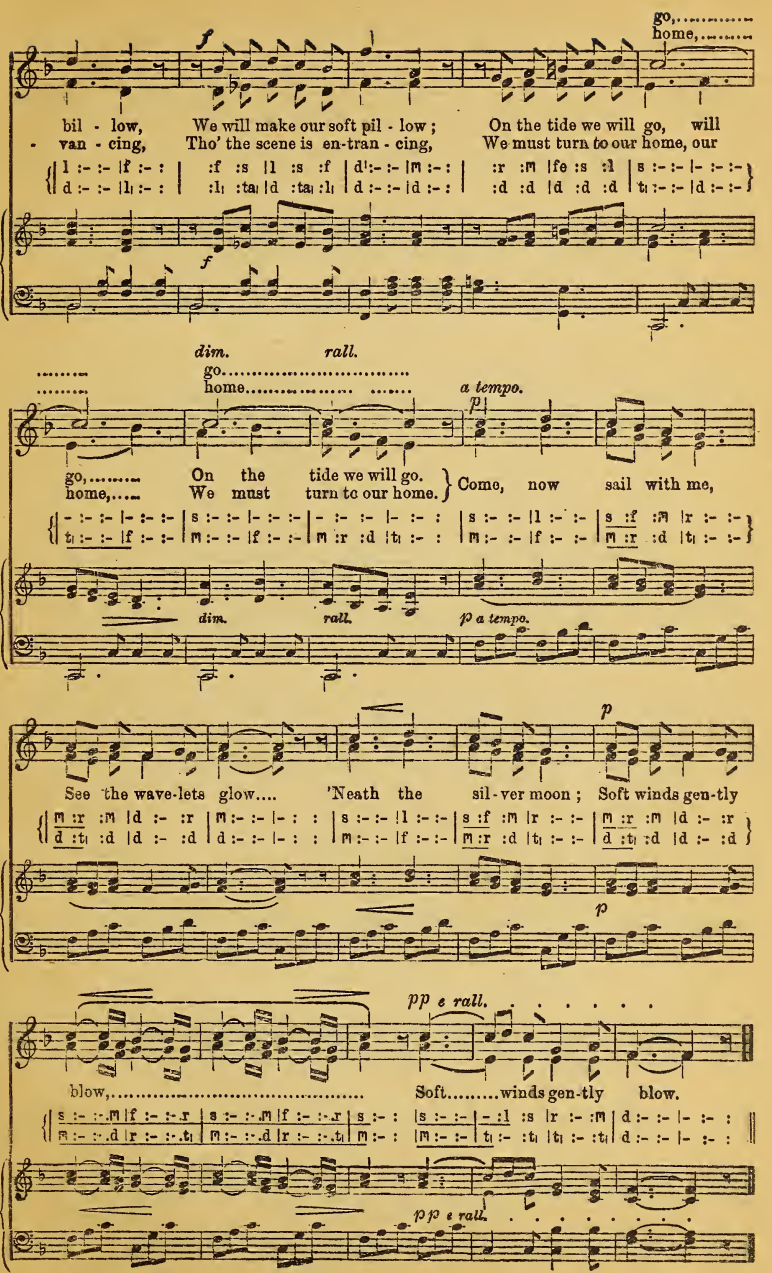
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea..... O - ver the roll - ing
mo-ther's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon..... Fa-ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west; Un-der the sil - ver

me,..... While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
moon..... Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....

Come, now Sail with me.


mf Allegretto.
"Ou Voulez vous allez. GOUNOD.
p
1. Come, now sail with me, See the wave-lets glow,... 'Neath the
2. See, the sails are still, Ne'er a sound we hear, ... On - ly
Doh is F.
mf Allegretto
p
sil-ver moon, Soft winds gen-tly blow,..... Soft
yon sweet bell, Bid-ding all to prayer,..... Bid -
rall.
mf a tempo.
..... winds gently blow. Ev-'ry joy to in - vite us, Ev-'rything to de -
ding all to pray'r. Now to join in sweet sing-ing, And a mel - o - dy
rall.
mf a tempo.
p
cres.
light us, Here,... as we gen - tly row..... On the calm placid
ring - ing, Swell - ing to yon far shore.... Now the night is ad -
p
cres.


go,.....
home,.....
f
bil - low, We will make our soft pil - low ; On the tide we will go, will
van - cing, Tho' the scene is en-tran - cing, We must turn to our home, our
dim. rall.
go.....
home.....
a tempo.
p
go,..... On the tide we will go.
home,..... We must turn to our home.
Come, now sail with me,
dim. rall. p a tempo.
p
See the wave-lets glow.... 'Neath the sil - ver moon ; Soft winds gen-tly
p
pp e rall.
blow,..... Soft.....winds gen-tly blow.
pp e rall.

Caller Herrin'.

Lady Nairne. Scottish Melody.

mf Moderato.

Buy my cal - ler her - rin', They're bonnie fish and halesome far-in', Buy my cal - ler

Doh is E.

| d „d :d .d | t, :d .r | m .l, :r .d | t, .s, :l, .t, | d .d :d .d

mf

her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth. When ye were sleep-ing on your pil - lows,

And when the creel o' her-rin' pass - es,

| t, :d .r | m „f :r „m | d : .‖.d' | t .l :s .f | m .r :d .d' |

rall.

Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fel-lows, Darkling as they face the billows, A' to fill our

La-dies clack in silks and la - ces, Ga-ther in their braw pe-lis-ses, Toss their heads and

| t .f :s .f | m .r :d .d' | t .l :s .f | m „m :f .s | l .l, :r „d

rall.

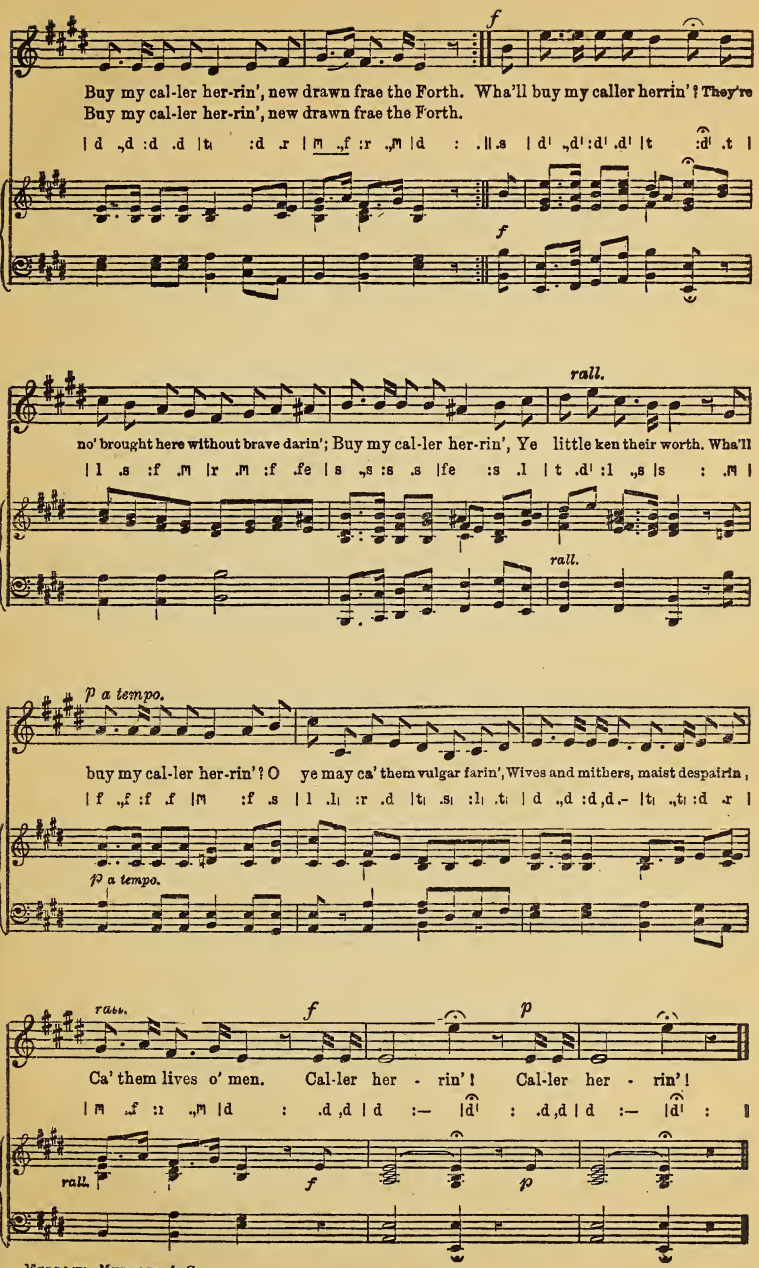
p a tempo.

wo - ven wil-lows? Buy my cal-ler her - rin', They're bonnie fish and halesome far-in',

screw their fa - ces, Buy my cal-ler her - rin', They're bonnie fish and halesome far-in',

| t, .s, :l, .t, | d „d :d .d | t, :d .r | m .l, :r .d | t, .s, :l, .t, |

p a tempo.


f
Buy my cal-ler her-rin', new drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? They're
Buy my cal-ler her-rin', new drawn frae the Forth.
f
rall.
no' brought here without brave darin'; Buy my cal-ler her-rin', Ye little ken their worth. Wha'll
rall.
p a tempo.
buy my cal-ler her-rin'? O ye may ca' them vulgar farin', Wives and mithers, maist despairin;
p a tempo.
rall.
f
p
Ca' them lives o' men. Cal-ler her - rin'! Cal-ler her - rin'!
rall.
f
p

Revised Words.

The Banks of Allan Water.

HORN.

mf

1. On the banks of Al-lan
2. On the banks of Al-lan
3. On the banks of Al-lan

Doh is A.

mf *mf*

Wa-ter, When the sweet spring-time did fall, Was the mil - ler's love-ly daughter,
Wa-ter, When brown au-tumn spreads its store, There I saw the mil-ler's daughter,
Wa-ter, In the spring-time of the year, Was the mil - ler's hap-py daughter,

p *mf*

Fair-est of them all. For his bride a soldier sought her, Brave of heart, and strong was
But she smil'd no more. In the South was war and slaughter, And the sol - dier there was
Gone was doubt and fear. From the war her sol-dier lov - er, Safe re-turn'd to home was

p *mf*

pp

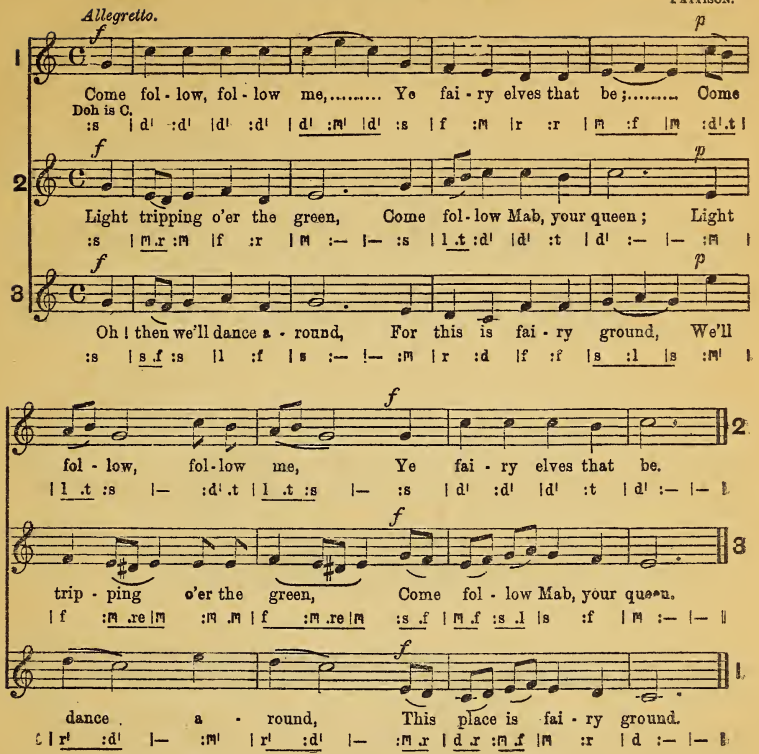
he; On the banks of Al-lan Wa - ter, None so gay as she.
he; On the banks of Al-lan Wa - ter, None was sad as she.
he; On the banks of Al-lan Wa - ter, Hap-py bride was she!

pp

Fairy Ground.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

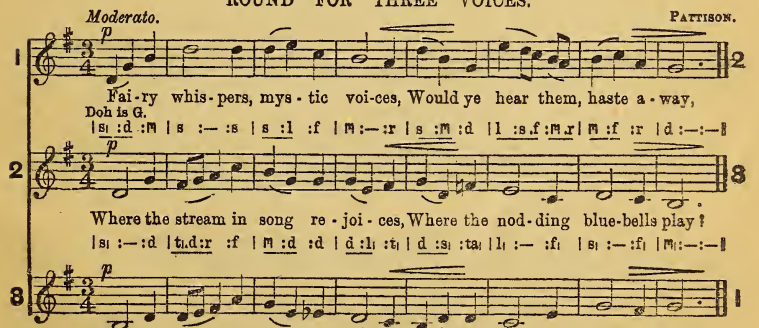
PATTISON.


Allegretto.
Come fol - low, fol - low me,..... Ye fai - ry elves that be;..... Come
Doh is C.
Light tripping o'er the green, Come fol - low Mab, your queen; Light
Oh! then we'll dance a - round, For this is fai - ry ground, We'll
fol - low, fol - low me, Ye fai - ry elves that be.
trip - ping o'er the green, Come fol - low Mab, your queen.
dance a - round, This place is fai - ry ground.

Fairy Whispers.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

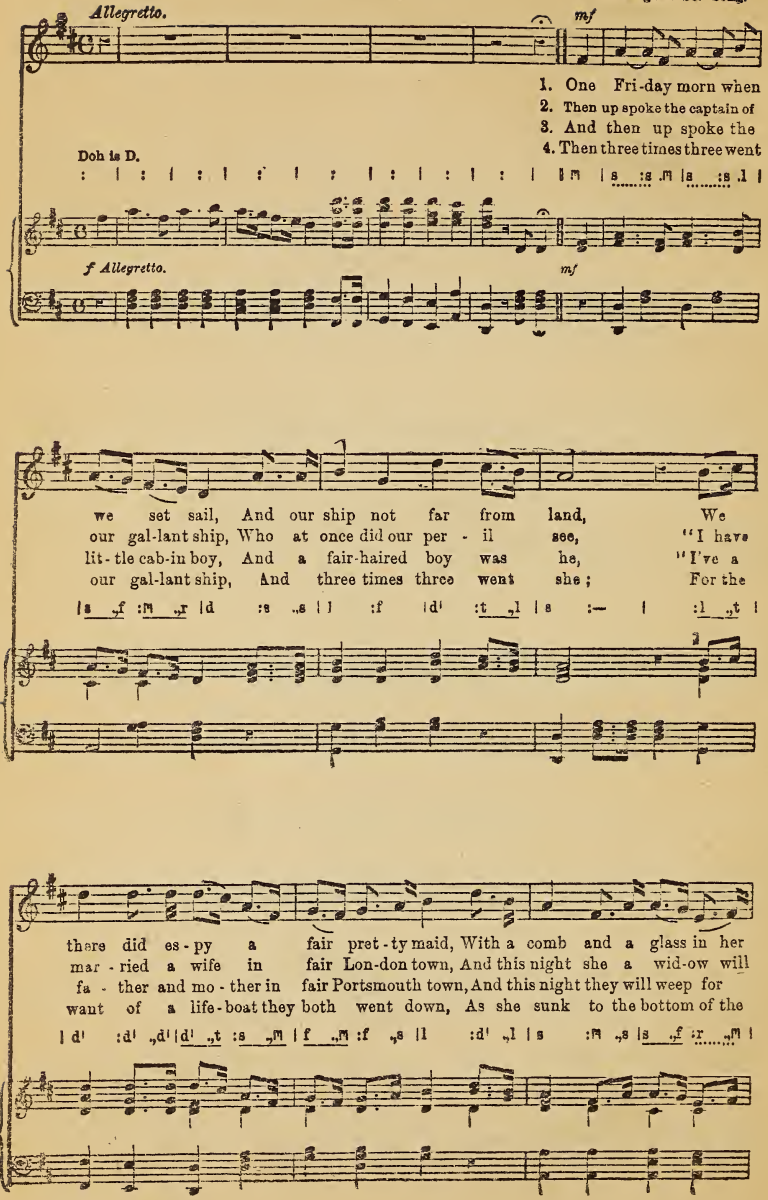
PATTISON.


Moderato.
Fai-ry whis-pers, mys - tic voi-ces, Would ye hear them, haste a - way,
Doh is G.
Where the stream in song re - joi - ces, Where the nod-ding blue-bells play?
Hear them in the pear - ly shell, In the song of birds they dwell.

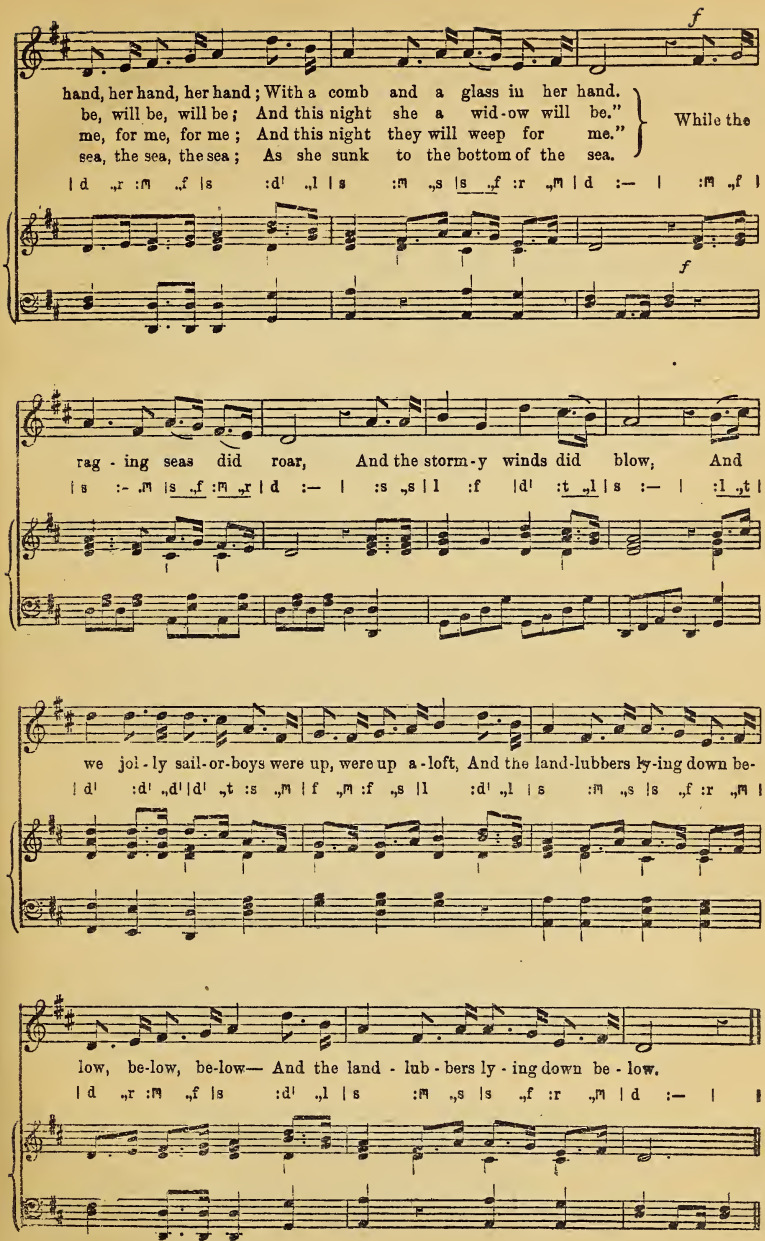
MURDOCH, MURDOCH & Co.

The Mermaid.

Old English Sea Song.


Allegretto.
mf
1. One Fri-day morn when
2. Then up spoke the captain of
3. And then up spoke the
4. Then three times three went
Doh is D.
f Allegretto.
mf
we set sail, And our ship not far from land, We
our gal-lant ship, Who at once did our per - il see, "I have
lit-tle cab-in boy, And a fair-haired boy was he, "I've a
our gal-lant ship, And three times three went she; For the
there did es-py a fair pret-ty maid, With a comb and a glass in her
mar-ried a wife in fair Lon-don town, And this night she a wid-ow will
fa-ther and mo-ther in fair Portsmouth town, And this night they will weep for
want of a life-boat they both went down, As she sunk to the bottom of the

Murdoch, Murdoch & Co.


f
hand, her hand, her hand ; With a comb and a glass in her hand.
be, will be, will be ; And this night she a wid-ow will be."
me, for me, for me ; And this night they will weep for me."
sea, the sea, the sea ; As she sunk to the bottom of the sea.
While the
f
rag - ing seas did roar, And the storm-y winds did blow, And
we jol - ly sail-or-boys were up, were up a-loft, And the land-lubbers ly-ing down be-
low, be-low, be-low— And the land - lub - bers ly - ing down be - low.

Ah, could I with fancy stray.

H. D. Bindon. J. L. Hatton.

Allegretto.

mf

mf

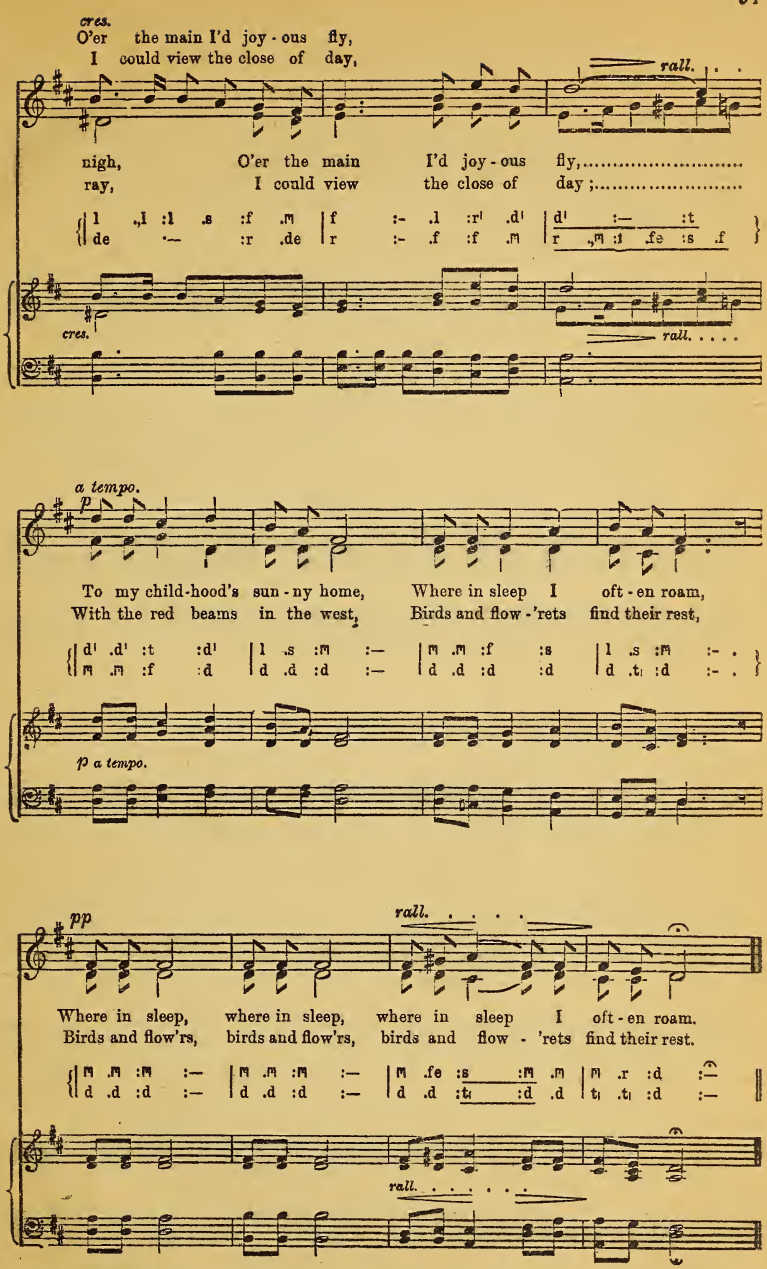
1. Ah, could I with fan - cy stray, I would wan - der far a - way, Where the sea on dim - pled sand
2. O'er the hills I'd sport and sing, When the wild bee spreads his wing; Birds and riv - u - lets should be

Doh is D.

mf

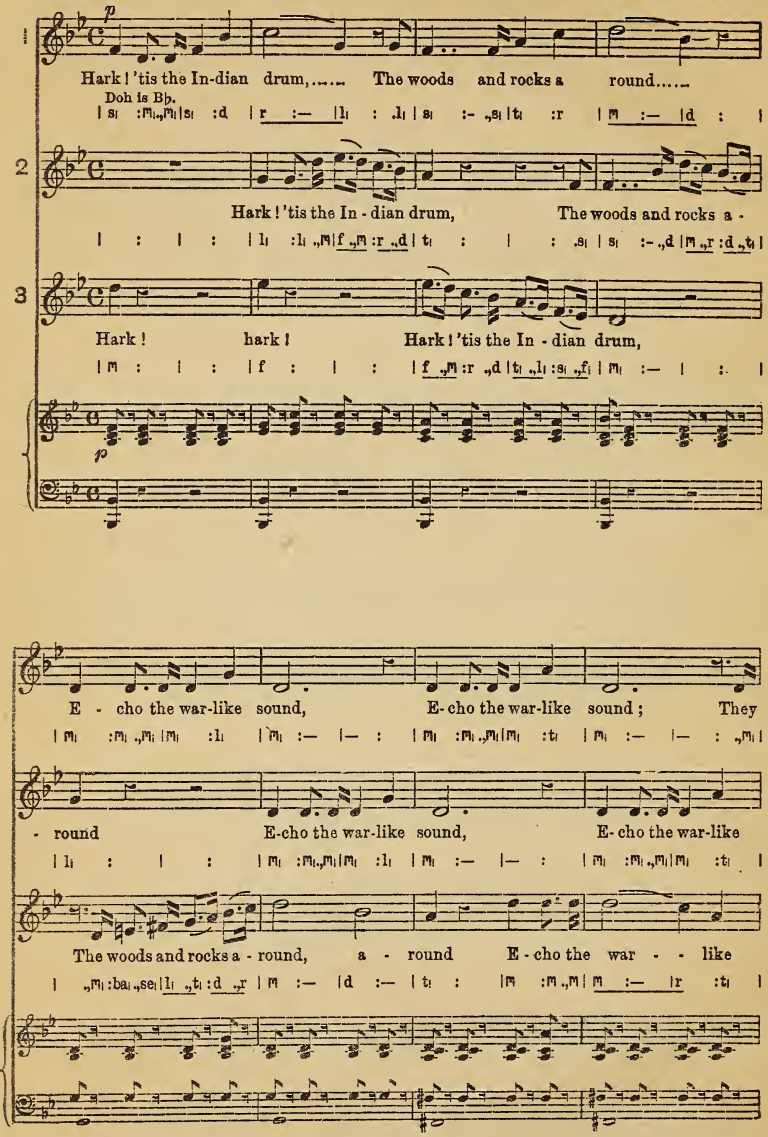
f *p*

Breaks a - round my na - tive land; Like a bird when win - ter's
Gay - est min - strels un - to me; In the sun's de - cli - ning

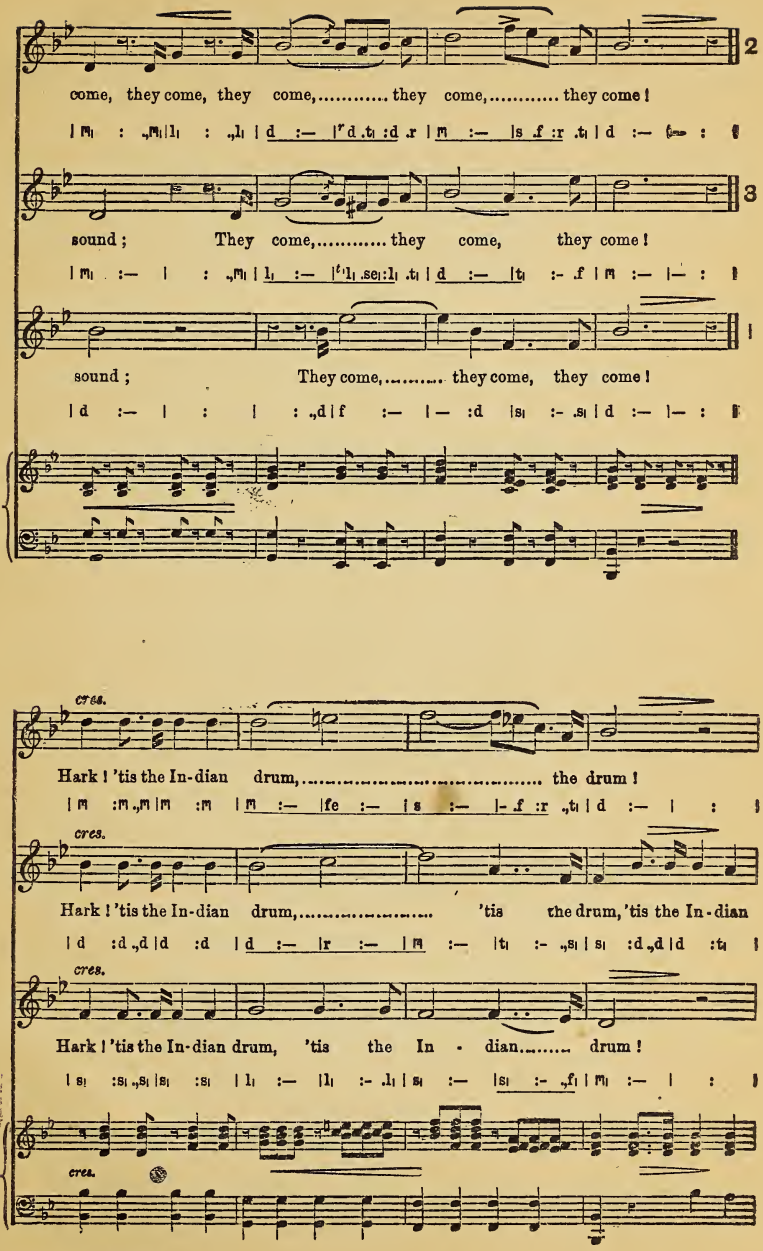
f *p*

cres.
O'er the main I'd joy - ous fly,
I could view the close of day,
rall.
nigh, O'er the main I'd joy - ous fly,.....
ray, I could view the close of day;.....
cres.
rall. . . . .
a tempo.
p
To my child-hood's sun - ny home, Where in sleep I oft - en roam,
With the red beams in the west, Birds and flow - 'rets find their rest,
p a tempo.
pp
rall. . . . .
Where in sleep, where in sleep, where in sleep I oft - en roam.
Birds and flow'rs, birds and flow'rs, birds and flow - 'rets find their rest.
rall. . . . . .

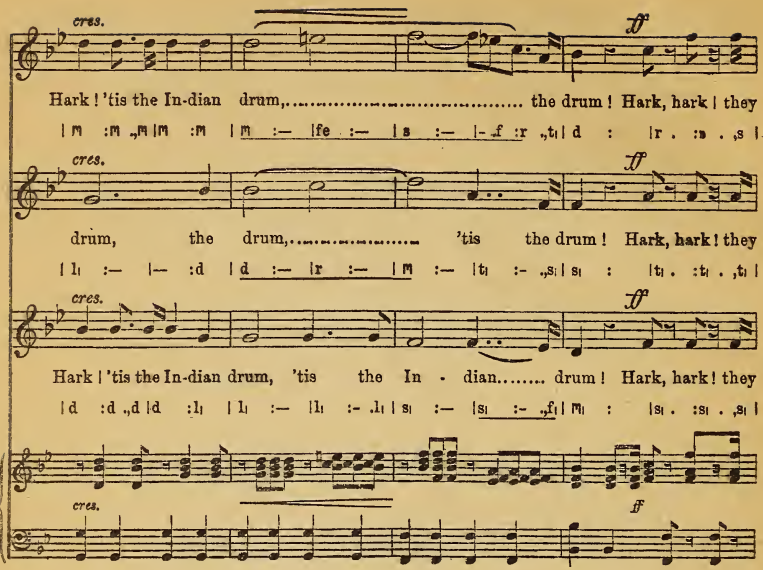
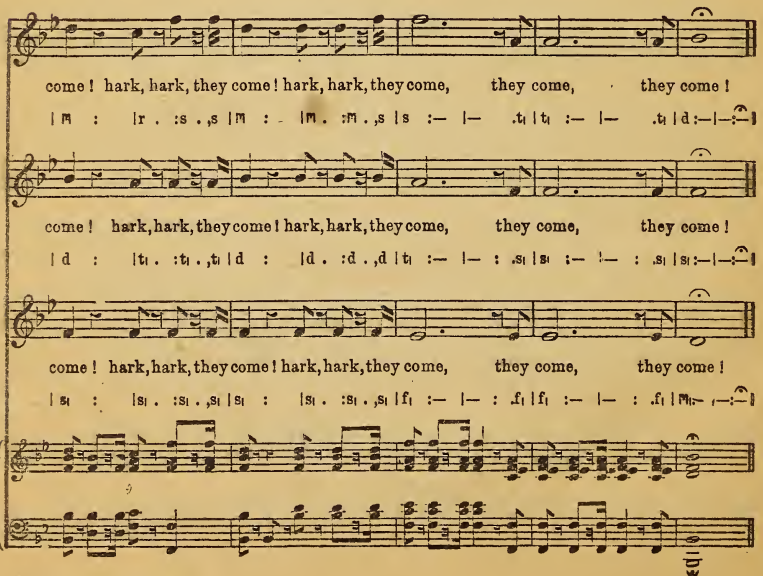
Hark! 'tis the Indian Drum.

* ROUND, ARRANGED FOR THREE VOICES.

J. R. Planché. Sir Henry Bishop.

Hark! 'tis the In-dian drum,..... The woods and rocks a round.....
Doh is B♭.
Hark! 'tis the In - dian drum, The woods and rocks a -
Hark! hark! Hark! 'tis the In - dian drum,
E - cho the war-like sound, E- cho the war-like sound; They
- round E-cho the war-like sound, E- cho the war-like
The woods and rocks a - round, a - round E - cho the war - - like

* To be sung as a Round up to the double bar; then the three parts go together to the end.


2
come, they come, they come, ... they come, ... they come!
3
sound; They come, ... they come, they come!
sound; They come, ... they come, they come!
cres.
Hark! 'tis the In-dian drum, ... the drum!
cres.
Hark! 'tis the In-dian drum, ... 'tis the drum, 'tis the In-dian
cres.
Hark! 'tis the In-dian drum, 'tis the In - dian ..... drum!
cres.


cres.
ff
Hark! 'tis the In-dian drum,..... the drum! Hark, hark! they
cres.
ff
drum, the drum,..... 'tis the drum! Hark, hark! they
cres.
ff
Hark! 'tis the In-dian drum, 'tis the In - dian..... drum! Hark, hark! they
cres.
ff

come! hark, hark, they come! hark, hark, they come, they come, they come!
come! hark, hark, they come! hark, hark, they come, they come, they come!
come! hark, hark, they come! hark, hark, they come, they come, they come!

The valley lies smiling before me.

Irish Air.

mf Moderato. *p*

1. The val-ley lies smil-ing be-fore me, The sun is o'er mea-dow and lea, My
2. The white lit-tle lambs gai-ly fro-lic, The pret-ty birds sing in the trees, The
3. Each day on Kil-lar-ney's blue wa-ter The white sails are spreading so free; I

Doh is G (Lah is E).

Moderato. *f* *p*

home is in yon-der white cot-tage, And dear are its mem-'ries to me.
chil-dren are dan-cing so blithe-ly, And sweet is the scent-la-den breeze.
fee[1] my heart thou art peer-less, No spot has such beau-ty for me. } Oh,

mf *mf*

where are the val-leys so ver-dant? Oh, where is the fo-liage so green? No

dim. *dim.*

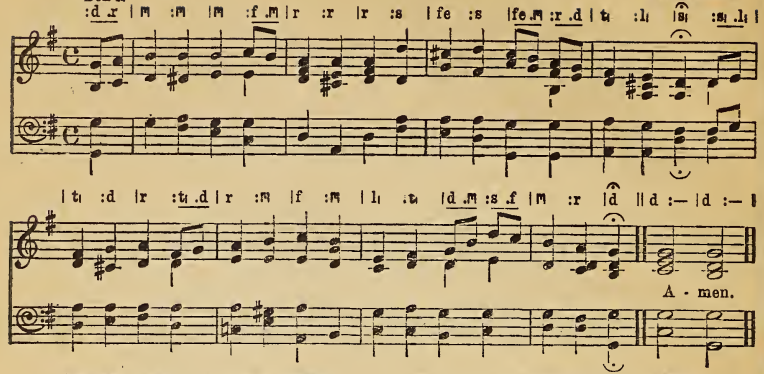
place in the wide world can match thee, Oh, E-rin, my pride and my queen!

p *rall.* . . . *p*

Morning Hymn.

BISHOP KEN. BARTHOLOMON.

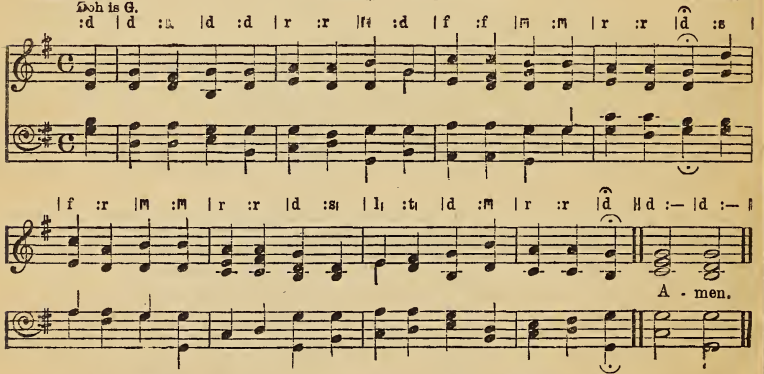
Doh is



1. AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
   Thy daily stage of duty run ;
   Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
   To pay thy morning sacrifice.
2. Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
   And live this day as if thy last ;
   Improve thy talent with due care,
   For the great day thyself prepare.
3. Let all thy converse be sincere,
   Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
   Think how all-seeing God thy ways
   And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
4. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
   And with the angels bear thy part,
   Whe all night long unwearied sing
   High praise to the Eternal King.
5. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
   Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
   Praise Him above, angelic host ;
   Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
   Amen.

Evening Hymn.

BISHOP KEN. TALLIS.

Doh is G.

1. GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
   For all the blessings of the light ;
   Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
   Beneath Thine own almighty wings.
2. Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
   The ill that I this day have done,
   That with the world, myself, and Thee,
   I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
   The grave as little as my bed ;
   Teach me to die, that so I may
   Rise glorious at the awful day.
4. O may my soul on Thee repose,
   And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
   Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
   To serve my God when I awake.
5. When in the night I sleepless lie,
   My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
   Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
   No powers of darkness me molest.
6. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
   Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
   Praise Him above, angelic host ;
   Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
   Amen

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